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The Week.

It is not often that we meet with so scathing an exposure of the results of carelessness and haste in the transaction of important business as is to be found in Mr. Stanbery's "opinion" on the power of the military commanders at the South. The Reconstruction Act was undoubtedly intended by Congress to make the military officers supreme in their districts, but it was framed in such a way that no machinery was provided for carrying on the reconstruction process at all. This was remedied by a supplemental act, and now the two having been submitted to an acute lawyer, he drives a coach-and-six through them; shows that the State governments which the act was intended to displace are still in existence and in full vigor, and that the military commanders, who were selected with so much care, are simply peace officers subject to the civil power. Mr. Stevens now calls for a meeting of Congress to amend the bill, but we should think he and some of his colleagues would be heartily ashamed of their work. They appeared to think during the session that the great duty of loyal men was to drive bills through the House without letting the Democrats debate them. We wonder if what has happened will teach them that the "previous question" is a two-edged sword, and that freedom of debate is just as likely to serve the promoters as opponents of measures. Had the Reconstruction Act been thoroughly discussed, there is hardly a doubt that its glaring defects would have sooner or later attracted the attention of some lawyer on one side or other, and that, let party spirit have been ever so strong, self-love would have tempted him to expose them.

THE District Attorney's challenge to the array in the case of Surratt was successful, Judge Fisher ruling that the law requires that the

city registrar of Washington, the city clerk of Georgetown, and the clerk of the Levy Court, should, in making the lists of persons qualified as jurors, act separately; but in selecting jurors' names from the lists, should act conjointly. In this case they never acted conjointly. The law passed in 1862 was designed by Congress to take out of the hands of one man—the marshal—the unlimited power of making up juries, and lodge it, where there would be less danger of its being corruptly used, in the hands of three men. The trial, which was long in getting under way, seems to be now moving forward with reasonable speed. The Government expects to prove that the prisoner was present at the murder, aiding and abetting; that the plot to murder was not a hasty scheme of Booth's concocting, but long premeditated; that on the 10th of April the prisoner was recalled by Booth from Montreal to Washington; that on the 14th of April he was in Washington, and two hours before the murder purchased disguises to be used by the assassins; also the places of his concealment in Montreal will be shown, and that on his way to England he confessed his connection with the conspiracy. So far, the strongest testimony against the prisoner is that of Sergeant Dye, who swears, as he swore in the trial of Payne, Mrs. Surratt, and the others, that a few minutes before the murder he saw two men, one of them Booth, talking in front of Ford's theatre, and afterwards heard the one whom he did not know call out to Booth three times, telling him the hour, which he read on the clock in the vestibule. Dye now recognizes Surratt as the "neatly dressed man" who was with Booth on that occasion.

THE nomination of candidates for the next Presidency has begun in earnest. A great many of the country papers, and even some of "the great dailies," are conducting it with the utmost seriousness, and apparently with strong faith in the value of their own predictions. General Grant is a very general favorite with them, and this is really the only strong ground which has yet presented itself for believing that he has no chance. We notice, too, expressions of impatience from political managers now and then touching the general's extreme reticence. This is very comical, inasmuch as outspokenness would certainly ruin him in the estimation of these very men. Wendell Phillips is Grant's leading opponent, as he has concluded, from an accurate comparison of Grant with the Duke of Wellington, that Grant is a knave, and a cowardly knave to boot. Chief-Justice Chase comes next, and his enemies of course, by way of making the canvass pleasant for him, accuse him of diffusing devoted agents through the country in the shape of bankruptcy commissioners. Horace Greeley, we are glad to say, has been nominated by the *Blue Earth Southwest*, a Minnesota journal. Mr. Greeley deserves this, and we trust the *Blue Earth Southwest* will not let his claims be forgotten. The design of Providence in permitting the existence of "minor editors," by which Mr. Greeley was so much puzzled, is now made plain. Senator Wade is also a candidate for the "chief magistracy." *The Independent* speaks of him as "one of our grandest public men," which is almost a nomination, and several other journals and special correspondents speak of him as "Old Ben Wade," a kind of appellation which, when often repeated, is fully equivalent to a nomination. In truth, the possession of a good, popular nickname may be said to be an essential preliminary to a good newspaper nomination for the Presidency—a fact of which Birdofredum Sawin was aware when he requested his friends to keep calling him in the columns of their journals "The One-eyed Slarterer." "Old Ben" himself does not, however, rely on his nickname, as he is out in Kansas preaching confiscation, which is what our milliners would call the "latest novelty." Mr. Phillips says it is a French fashion, but we have shown elsewhere that Mr. Phillips is mistaken. There are other

candidates, but either their modesty or their merits leave us little to say about them at present.

WE beg *The Evening Post* to understand that when we say we believe the rule of the majority to be the best rule, and a rule from which there is no appeal except to the better sense and nobler impulses of the majority,—we mean the majority of the whole political community and not the majority of each of the arbitrary divisions into which the community may see fit to cut up its territory. We have said this already as clearly as we know how to say it. If the majority of the State of New York should prove incapable of managing its affairs, we should conclude that republican government in this State had proved a failure; but when the majority of the Sixth Ward proves unable to manage its affairs, we simply conclude that the greater portion of its inhabitants are an ignorant and degraded set, and we appeal to the intelligence of the community at large to protect us against their bad behavior. *The Post's* claim of divine rights for all clusters of squatters would, if sound and generally acknowledged, have prevented the reform of the London Alsatia, and would certainly convert some districts here into dens of thieves. Even if it were true that all towns or districts could be elevated and educated by the practice of local government, the constant accession of foreigners to the population of New York would prevent the success of the process in this city. No amount of municipal independence here will make the Irish peasant fit the minute he lands to vote away the property of New York merchants and mechanics, and this, notwithstanding *The Post's* foolish fond belief to the contrary, is one of the first public acts of most Irish immigrants who settle here.

A SINGULAR, and we believe novel, form of lottery has been resorted to by a tobacco dealer in this city. He puts a hundred-dollar bill in one of the many hundred tinfoil packages of chewing tobacco which he sends out every day, so that every purchaser gets not only a package of tobacco, but a chance of one hundred dollars. The scheme has been so successful that rival dealers have been entirely driven out of the field. This plan of pushing sales is applicable to many other kinds of business. It might, for instance, be adopted by publishers of popular periodicals. Why not, instead of loading every half-dozen subscribers with a sewing-machine, or a tea-service, slip a fifty-dollar bill into one of every thousand or ten thousand copies put up in wrappers? Think of the joy of the mother and the children when, on cutting the leaves to get at the poetry, or that repertory of wisdom, "The Family Column," a new fresh greenback dropped out. How the anecdotes and the moral paragraphs would be seasoned by such a windfall!

THE Shepherd of Salisbury Plain was a thankless, dissatisfied grumbler when compared with Mr. John Ennis, or Mr. John Reid, of this city. Those gentlemen are more thankful for nothing than any persons we have ever heard of. They are out in a letter felicitating the trade organizations of New York and vicinity on the fact that, "after years of patient and persevering work," this State has passed an eight-hour law. Mr. Ennis and Mr. Reid ought to telegraph words of joy to the men and brethren in Connecticut, where we hear that Democrats and Republicans are uniting cordially in putting an eight-hour law through the Legislature—a performance which is infinitely disgraceful to both parties, that is, to the whole community, for it shows how long and how successfully the politicians have fooled the people that they have the impudence to offer it so transparent a humbug as the present bill. It is in all respects like every other one of these measures; it ordains "that eight hours shall be considered a working day; and it adds a proviso that employer and employed may agree upon the length of a working day. As Mr. Ennis truly remarks, "We have not yet harvested what we have planted, watered, and grown with so much care and anxiety;" and why he should think he has harvested anything is a question which an extremely small child might ask, and which it would confound an aged philosopher to answer. The Working-men's Union calls a convention, to meet, we believe, on the 27th instant, and there seems to be in the language of the call a promise of moderation which

will, we think, be kept by the action of the delegates. Strikes, as the experience of Chicago has recently shown, are out of the question for the present, and each day more is known and more is thought about co-operation.

WHAT proportion of negro blood will prevent a man's being a white male citizen in Kansas has recently been decided by Judge Brewer, of the First District Court in that State. J. H. Morris, a citizen of Leavenworth, of whose parents one was white and one a mulatto, tried to vote at the late election, and was denied the privilege on the ground that he was a man of color. This he denied, and afterwards sued the judges of election. Judge Brewer said, no man with any negro blood had ever been allowed to vote in Kansas; but as the question had never before come up in the State courts, it should be decided in the light of authority and reason. The clause of the State constitution which excludes from the polls all but white male citizens is avowedly borrowed, he said, from the constitution of Ohio. Repeated decrees in Ohio have declared that a man is not a member of the negro race when more than half his blood is derived from other than negro sources. So much for the authorities. As for the light cast on the matter by reason, the court was of opinion that the theory of our Government being universal suffrage, that construction of laws which best consists with the natural theory should be adopted; 2d, that to put a man in a position of inferiority is not humane; 3d, that the words of description apply not to color—if they did they would keep many white men, so called, away from the polls, and admit many lighter-colored "colored men," so called—but to race, and there seems no good reason for saying that a man who is more Caucasian by blood than he is negro should be set down as a negro. The plaintiff got nominal damages; and the question, which is an important one, will, it is likely, go to the Supreme Court. We hope, at all events, that it will not be the fault of our colored fellow-citizens if it does not.

WE venture to conjecture that the Anti-Catholic riots at Birmingham, of which the Cable brings us the news, are in reality Anti-Irish riots, bred by the Fenian movement. The Fenians, who are in considerable force in all the manufacturing towns in England, have for some months threatened outbreaks, in the Confederate style, by way of a diversion, and in Leeds and Bradford preparations for such an emergency were actually made by the authorities during the disturbances in Ireland. The feeling between the Irish laborers and the English mechanics, never very cordial, has probably by this time become one of intense hostility, and ended in violence. The danger of this has long been foreseen by everybody but the unconscionable knaves who head the Fenian Brotherhood, and who, by such attempts as that on Chester, did all they could to rouse the feeling of the English masses against them. The most radical Englishman, no matter how much he may sympathize with Irish wrongs, is apt to become a bit of a tiger at the prospect of seeing an Irish mob let loose in his streets. We cannot help hoping, however, that we are mistaken in all this, and that the interpretation put on the matter by *The Times* and *Tribune* is the correct one. There is a strong anti-ritualistic feeling amongst the English lower classes, and an anti-ritualistic riot, bad as it would be, would certainly not be so mischievous in its effects as an Anti-Irish one. *The Tribune* mentions some recent occurrences at Birmingham which strongly support its theory.

THE betting at the last Derby has proved so disastrous to a great many people that the whole moral aspects of horse-racing are receiving an amount of attention in England, as will be seen by our correspondent's letter, such as they have hardly ever received before. Goldwin Smith writes to *The Manchester Examiner*, attributing the prevailing absorption in this form of gambling, at least on the part of the upper classes, "to the absence of any worthy object of interest or desire;" and he predicts that it would disappear, or be greatly abated, "if England had a Parliament capable of being the organ of national inspiration and effort, and if great questions were once more handled in earnest by great men." We are afraid the evil lies deeper than he seems to think. By some men betting on horse-races is, no doubt,

pursued simply because it furnishes an agreeable kind of excitement; but nine-tenths of the betters pursue it simply for the chance of making money without labor. The rage to get rich rapidly is to-day at the bottom of the gambling mania in all civilized countries, whether it takes the form of betting on horses or selling stocks on time; and the rage to get rich rapidly is due to the fact that the growth of science and the opening up of new countries have, within the last forty years, enormously increased the facilities for making fortunes in legitimate trade. The lucky strokes made by investors in industrial enterprises, in our time, are such as in the last century only fell to the lot of very fortunate gamblers, and the result is that the popular mind is everywhere unsettled by them; and the vast crowd who writhe under the contrast between others' wealth and their own poverty fly to the course, or the stock exchange, with an avidity and recklessness of which the public does not know one half.

THE French are slowly progressing with their new plan of army organization. The Chambers have come to a compromise with the Government by assenting as to the strength of the disposable force, while reserving to themselves the power of authorizing the calling out of the reserves. Beyond this there is little worthy of note in French politics. Everybody in Paris is absorbed in the royal visitors and in the Exhibition, of which our own daily papers are full *usque ad nauseam*. Our readers may remember that during the war alarm of April and May we maintained that most of the fear was caused by rumors for which it was not possible those who were most active in spreading them could know of any basis, and that the military preparations which were observed in France had no connection with the actual crisis. We find a confirmation of this view by M. Eugène Forcade in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which we may be excused for quoting:

"The Luxembourg affair . . . had also its comic side. The blind alarm which it caused for some days was a singular phenomenon. This feeling had a character of idiotic fatalism. There were a great many people who declared war inevitable with a sort of stupid obstinacy, as if they had received a communication from the prophetic pages which the divine children deliver to Michael Angelo's sibyls. According to them, the King of Prussia wanted war, M. de Bismark wanted war, and the French Government wanted war. The military precautions taken in France, and which were the natural and regular preparation which the war department ought to have begun long before, and which would have been made under any circumstances however peaceful, were represented as immense and precipitate arming. One had to be proof against ridicule to be bold enough to avow a belief that peace was still possible."

WE have mentioned M. Simon's studies on the French population elsewhere. It is engaging attention as a military question, however, still more than as a humanitarian one. It appears that the population of France increases less rapidly than that of any other European state, except some of the old Italian principalities; and that in France the ratio of increase even is steadily diminishing, so that had the population gone on increasing at the regular rate during the last thirty-four years, over four millions more children would have been born than have been born, and the adult population would have been about two millions and a half greater than it is. In fact, unless figures lie greatly, the reproductive force of the nation is declining; and should no change occur in the rate of increase, France will fifty years hence have only 47,000,000 to oppose to the 67,000,000 of inhabitants which Prussia will boast. This is a grave matter, and the French economists are getting more and more uneasy about it, and trying to get the military men and the court to look at it seriously. The decline is not due to a decrease in the number of marriages, for this number is proportionately as great in France as in England, but in the main to the lateness and unproductiveness of marriages. It appears that the number of persons condemned to perpetual celibacy in France is already very large, and is increasing. There are 42,527 Catholic priests paid by the state, and 53,829 chaplains attached to factories, or drawing their support from other private institutions, besides deacons and sub-deacons, and 90,343 nuns, making in all 204,477 celibates of both sexes—the population of a large town. Then there are generally about 500,000 men in the army, between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven, composed of the very flower of the population, who

are forbidden to marry, and who rarely do marry for two or three years after they leave the service, so that nearly a million of persons are either prevented from marrying at all or from marrying early, and the obstacles, both moral and physiological, to productiveness in late marriages are well known. M. Le Fort, who discusses the matter in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is satisfied that in these two facts, the celibacy of the clergy and of the soldiers, he has found the cause of the decrease of population; but we doubt if they are fully adequate to account for it. Most Frenchmen, civilians as well as soldiers, marry late, and the small number of children to a family in all classes of French society has been often remarked, and is probably due to a high standard of living, to the absence of commercial enterprise, and to the Frenchman's ingrained habit of looking to small savings, and not to push or hard work, as the means of making a provision for his family and his old age.

For many months there has been only one question in Italian politics of any moment, and that is the question of finance, and the only decision that has been reached as yet as to the best means of meeting the deficit, which is now a regular feature in the financial system of the kingdom, is the sale of 600,000,000 francs worth of Church property. Arrangements for this purpose had been made with some Paris capitalist—Rothschild, some say, Erlanger, others say—but at the last moment these gentlemen, whoever they were, refused to carry out their agreement unless the Italian Government came to an amicable understanding with the Church, and the affair, at the last accounts, hangs in uncertainty. The influence which caused the failure of the first attempt is believed to have emanated from what is called in court jargon "the highest quarter," which being put into English probably means the Empress, who, in all that concerns the Church, is not only a Spaniard, but a Spaniard of the eleventh century. That influence of this kind should succeed in breaking off negotiations, or rather an agreement, for a government loan, would be difficult of belief if we did not know that wealth forms only half the stake for which a European financier plays; "social position" forms the other half, and this is one of the few things which monarchs still have in their gift. The south of Italy is in an awful condition with brigandage; and so are the Papal States. The Pope's brigands are birds of his own hatching, as he encouraged them while they were supposed to be fighting for the King of Naples, and it is almost treachery for him now to turn on them and try to catch and kill them. The difficulty about the brigands all over Italy is neither their numbers—though this is great—nor the nature of the country—though this renders it easy for them to elude the troops—but the almost total destruction of the moral portion of the social bond by centuries of bad government. The interest of individuals in public order and prosperity has probably never been so low in any European country since the Middle Ages as it is in Southern Italy, and it will take a generation or two of good courts, good police, good roads, and general prosperity to restore it.

THE Jews of Jassy, in Moldavia, were last month the victims of a revived mediæval persecution, contrived for them by the Roumanian minister of the interior, Bratiano. They had suffered not long before from a popular outbreak, but this official went so far as to eject them summarily from their homes and fixed property, and then ordered his police to proceed against them as vagabonds. Without regard to age or quality, and without a show of trial, large numbers of them were arrested, chained, and dragged into exile. An appeal to the Great Powers received sympathy from France and Austria, and the iniquitous measures were speedily revoked. It is not to be supposed that Prince Charles connived at their passage, and the occurrence only shows the mental condition of his subjects and counsellors. It is curious to note that at the same time the Government was preparing to adopt the monetary convention concluded between France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, and, by thus admitting as legal tender the coin of those countries, was taking one step forward towards the western civilization. Bratiano is an old liberal—or rather republican—and was even a good deal of "a red" in his early days, which makes his performance all the more extraordinary.

Notes.

LITERARY.

ARTEMUS WARD once remarked to Mr. Carleton, the publisher, that when he next wrote a book he'd let Mr. Carleton write it. It did not, however, take the showman long to become quite reconciled to the publisher's editorial supervision, which, as everybody knows, is seldom more needed than in the case of wits who live by their wit, and, of course, make for money many a most melancholy joke. Mr. Carleton has in his hands materials for at least two new volumes of selections from "A. Ward's" writings, both the earlier and the latest, and will soon issue one of them. It is to be made up of his letters to *Punch*, several other pieces which he wrote while in England, and some early letters. The illustrations, in respect to which the other volumes of A. Ward were not at all admirable, will be from a new hand, and are spoken of highly. We have not seen them. They are from designs by Mr. J. H. Howard. A life of the author is reserved for a future volume. Another humorous writer, whose writings G. W. Carleton & Co. will before very long put into book form, is Mr. J. Stanton. He is known in Brooklyn, where his popularity is considerable, by letters written in George Arnold's "McArone" style, and published under the signature of "Corry O'Lanus."—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce a book entitled "The Turk and the Greek; or, Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece." Its author is Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, who, the other day, wrote an article entitled "Crete" for *Harper's Monthly*, and, we believe, a part of his book has already appeared in that magazine, in *The Springfield Republican*, and in other periodicals. Mr. Benjamin, the son of an American missionary, was born in the East, and, though educated in this country, has repeatedly visited Greece and Turkey, and may be supposed very familiar with those regions. The Hon. F. Hassaurek, formerly United States Minister to the Republic of Ecuador, is the author of "Four Years among Spanish Americans," which also is announced by Hurd & Houghton—a book that ought to be instructive and entertaining; not many Americans, except American ministers and officers in the naval service, know much about the Pacific side of South America, and if Mr. Hassaurek has made good use of his opportunities his book will be fresh.—Leypoldt & Holt are ready to furnish owners of the Tauchnitz Thackeray with "Denis Duval," and will soon be ready to supply also "The Roundabout Papers."—A new publishing house just established is that of A. Simpson & Co., who will publish the following named periodicals: *The N. Y. Medical Journal*, of which Dr. William A. Hammond and Dr. E. S. Dunster are editors; *The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence*, edited by Dr. Hammond; *The Philobiblion*, a work that will have to be taken by all bibliophiles, whether by that name we mean lovers of books or of bibliography. It will be in the excellent editorial hands of Mr. George P. Philes. A. Simpson & Co. will also act as publishers of the publications of the Agathynian Club, a learned sodality which did not begin its work exceedingly well when it issued the "Advice to the Officers of the British Army" as its first book, but which goes on as well as could be desired with its black-letter "Proverbs of Erasmus" and its promised "Works of the Famous Antiquary, Polydore Vergil," which will be its third issue. Messrs. Simpson & Co. put forth a list of works in general science, in medical science, and in general literature, to which we will refer hereafter.

—Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper has, within a day or two, published a very singular book with the absurd title "Nojoque." Readers of the famous "Impending Conflict" will remember that, although that work was anything but a slaveholder's book, it yet was written in the interest of "the white man," and their surprise will be less than that of persons who know Mr. Helper and his book from hearsay only when they are told—we use the author's own language—that "the primary object of this work is to write the negro out of America, and that the secondary object is to write him (and manifold millions of other black and bi-colored catiffs little better than himself) out of existence." "And thou, too, Ethiopia!" the author says on his title-page, quoting the prophet Zephaniah, "against thee, also, will I unsheathe my

sword." So far as we can judge from a hasty examination of the book, which we expect to consider more carefully at some future time, it is one of the most striking examples existing in our literature of the insane lengths to which a man may be carried by the operation of a single idea dominating a nature marked by even more than an average Southerner's deficiency of humor.

—It is among the small secrets of the literary world that a great part of the remarkable success of *The Pall Mall Gazette* dates from its publication, in its early days, of Mr. James Greenwood's "Amateur Casual" paper. It had, and is still having, very many echoes, none of which are particularly good even as imitations, and none of which have a tithe of the success of the original. The latest we have seen is among the best. It is published in the same journal, and tells how the author, disguised as a tailor, went to see for himself whether the tailors on strike in London use intimidation to prevent a journeyman's doing work if he so chooses. Perhaps the cases constantly reported in the English papers leave very little doubt that intimidation is sometimes used, but the writer wished to convince himself beyond a doubt and to discover the mode of procedure employed. The "picket" on duty near the shop where the pretended "knobstick" got his parcel duly followed him, and when a conversation was brought on by the amateur tailor, took the latter to a small public house, where several men on strike argued the question with the "knobstick," and finally induced him to go with one of their number and have his name put on the books by one of the officials of the league; he did so, and "descended the stairs in the full glory of a trades-unionist and a pound a week." According to the writer's own account, it would seem that in his desire to make sure whether or not "knobsticks" are threatened and beaten, he showed an expectation of violence, and, perhaps, a fear of it, which may have been the reason why it was not employed. Still, it appears also that the men into whose company he fell were reasonable and respectable people, and not of the intimidating kind. This, it seems, may pass as the outward form and semblance of the British tailor: "My costume was a pair of threadbare black trowsers, very tight about the hips, a long, gray waistcoat coming close to the chin, an old scarf rolled twice around the neck, with, of course, no collar, a rusty dress-coat, short in the sleeves, and to crown the edifice one of the most shocking bad hats that ever was seen."

—In 1701 the standard height of the French drummer was 1.624 metres; in 1803 it had been found necessary to reduce it to 1.598 metres; in 1818, which, to be sure, was at the end of many bloody and destructive wars, the standard height was only 1.576 metres; but in 1860, after forty years of comparative peace, the standard was still descending, and a drummer was only 1.560 metres high; and out of the 325,000 young Frenchmen who annually reach the age of twenty—one 18,000 are too short to be admitted into the army—that is, they are less than five feet and an inch in height. Besides these 18,000, there are no less than 91,000 others who by reason of disease or deformity are excused from military service, or, in other words, no less than one-third of the entire youth of military age in France are found to be too sickly or too small to be soldiers. These things are true, if we may depend upon the facts given by M. Jules Simon in his "L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans," a work called forth by the Government project of reorganizing the army. M. Simon is an opponent of this scheme, which practically doubles the severity of the conscription. He asserts that the French race is degenerating physically, and that the population of France is increasing very slowly; that if compared with the population of other European countries (except, perhaps, Spain) it is relatively diminishing from year to year. The population of England, for example, doubled within the half century between 1800 and 1850; France against this 100 per cent. of increase has but 30 per cent. to show. The causes of this state of things, according to M. Simon, are these three: 1. The conscription takes into the army the largest and healthiest of the youth of France, and makes marriage impossible to them for nine or twelve of their best years, and sometimes for their lives, while the feeble and unsound marry and have children; 2. The urban population increases at the expense of the country population, which goes more and more into the towns to engage in manufacturing employments—moreover, the discharged soldier prefers the town to

the country; 3. Women and small children are employed in the manufacturing business of the towns, and the offspring of the women, badly cared for at the best, are far less likely to grow up to maturity in the crowded city than in the country. It is said that of the children of the artisan class who are put out to nurse in the country no less than 95 per cent. die before they are a year old. It is difficult to believe that this mortality is not desired and brought about purposely, and we have heard this asseverated by other observers. Even in Lyons, of the children who are kept in the city, the mortality among those of the lower classes under one year old reaches only 53 per cent.

DR. BIGELOW'S MODERN ENQUIRIES.*

NOT only in the title of Dr. Bigelow's book, but in the dedication, in the preface, and in diverse other places, is strikingly apparent the feeling of comfort and self-satisfaction which he derives from the thought that he is sailing down the stream of progress at a rate which keeps him in general quite abreast of all the other craft engaged upon that exhilarating voyage. It is dedicated to a friend whom he evidently thinks he has left far up the stream in his wake; and it is heralded by a minute and circumstantial announcement of sundry errors in the log-books of the learned laggards, by the due correction of which the author hopes to ensure them a more rapid and comfortable passage. It was but a short time since, we are told, that "the great changes effected in European civilization about four centuries ago were ascribed to the revival of classical learning, and not to their true cause, the discoveries made in physical sciences and arts." Now, we do not remember having seen, either in Mr. Mill's "Logic" or in any other treatise on scientific method which we happen to have read, any inductive canon for ascertaining the relation of a presumed effect to a presumed cause which chronologically succeeds the effect. And we think that if Dr. Bigelow had taken the trouble to study a little more closely those retrospective sciences which he would fain see condemned as unprofitable, he would have hesitated somewhat before ascribing effects which took place four centuries ago to causes which came into existence less than three centuries ago. We have all heard of the writer who, with more zeal than caution, attributed the literary activity of Italy in Petrarch's time to the recent invention of printing; and we all know that Dr. Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" supposes the imaginary institutions of that interesting etymological myth, Numa Pompilius, to have been due to the mystical instructions of Pythagoras. We know not whether Dr. Bigelow had those wholesome examples before his eyes; but he has at any rate committed an anachronism equally gross. Modern physical science can hardly by any license of phrase be said to have begun earlier than the time of Galileo and Bacon, at which epoch the Renaissance had already been vigorously going on for a century and a half. Might we not, then, reverse matters, and say that it was the Classic Renaissance which gave the original impulse to physical discovery?

The thesis is one which we do not intend to argue here, our business being not to expound our own opinions, but to call attention to Dr. Bigelow's. Our author is betrayed into a similar disregard of chronological probability when he tells us that the first three centuries of the Christian era, with all ancient literature before them, went steadily from bad to worse; while modern times, with modern literature and science before them, have been going steadily from good to better. Dr. Mommsen and Mr. Merivale are, as we retrograde classical students think, excellent, nay, incomparable authorities on Roman history, and they will be found to differ from Dr. Bigelow's opinion that the three centuries after Christ went steadily from bad to worse. And as for modern times, how long, pray, have they had modern literature and science before their eyes? Where was modern literature when the modern career of progress commenced? How much of it had Dante, Chaucer, or even Shakespeare to feed on? How much of modern science was instilled into the youthful minds of Leibnitz, Spinoza, Descartes, and Bacon? Those gigantic intellects were nurtured upon the strong diet of ancient speculation. Modern literature is the effect, not the cause, of modern progress, and it is to the fruitful intercourse of the modern with the ancient mind that our progress, as manifested alike in science, philosophy, and literature, is primarily due. One cannot help thinking that Dr. Bigelow's acquaintance with the studies which he derides has not reached to an intimacy with Scaliger's "De Emendatione" or with Ideler's "Handbuch." Nor can any one be astonished, after traversing such a chaos of crudities, at meeting this opinion, that our only cause for wonder is that the human race after remaining stationary for so many thousand years should ever have advanced

at all in civilization! Doubtless, if we suppose that ancient civilization was on the whole a failure, that the early Christian centuries went steadily from bad to worse, that mediæval scholasticism, metaphysical enquiries, everything, in short, save the purely utilitarian sciences of recent days, is to be held little better than worthless—doubtless, if in the very teeth of history and common sense we believe all this, we shall have great cause for astonishment at the civilized condition we are now in.

To him, however, who is by long habit accustomed to look upon human history as a whole—who, by dint of pursuing those classical studies of which Dr. Bigelow grudgingly admits that they may possibly refine the fancy and improve the style, has arisen to some appreciation of the mental, moral, and social characteristics of bygone ages, the subject of human progress with all its manifold complications and its endless suggestions will present nothing astonishing or inexplicable. To any such appreciation of the life of ancient times Dr. Bigelow has most certainly never attained. We know of few things in recent literature more idle and frivolous than his remarks on the Homeric poems. Evidently for him all human history might be expunged save that which concerns the last three centuries, and that hitherto unsuspected epoch when the physical discoveries were made which ushered in the Renaissance, without making any very lamentable gap in the scheme of the universe. If the stream of progress cannot be followed without bringing us to such a maelstrom of ungrateful irreverence for the worthy achievement of the past, we should beg for our part to be allowed to steer our little bark up the quiet waters of some sylvan tributary or to run it abruptly ashore on some convenient sandbank, that whatever else we lost by so doing we might at least retain our sympathy with the feelings and speculations, the glorious deeds, and even the errors, of those great societies of men who lived long ago, and but for whom very much of our boasted civilization would never have been attained. But the stream of progress leads to no such fatal whirlpool. Dr. Bigelow's views concerning education are not in advance of the age, but behind it. So far from classical scholarship declining as other branches of study advance, it was never so ardently or so successfully pursued as in our own day and generation. Bentley and Scaliger were no doubt giants of scholarship greater than any we now behold. But they might well have given half their grammatical and critical learning for a tithe of the living knowledge of antiquity possessed by a Grote, a Bréal, or a Donaldson. Contempt for antiquity, exclusive devotion to physical studies, were characteristics of the eighteenth century rather than the nineteenth, which is marked above all else by its enlightened respect for antiquity, and by its brilliant achievements in philology and history. Dr. Bigelow's views upon education might rather have come from the century which produced a Rousseau than from the century which has produced a Grimm and a Müller.

When Dr. Bigelow restricts himself to dissertation upon subjects lying within his peculiar sphere of investigation, he is far more satisfactory. His paper on the contagiousness of cholera is a good specimen of scientific reasoning. The essay on self-limited diseases is an admirable thing; and with his trenchant criticisms on the old "heroic" or "Sangrado" practice no student of natural science can help sympathizing. His papers on the war, at the end of the volume, were hardly worth reprinting.

MR. BANCROFT, JOSEPH REED, AND BENJAMIN RUSH.*

THE publication of the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history has been followed already, within the year, by a series of critical and acrimonious pamphlets which together exceed it in bulk, though relating only to the contents of a very few of his paragraphs. To say nothing of his ability, the compass and fulness of his investigations, the deliberateness with which he issues instalments of the fruits of his toil, and the emphatic and unsparing way in which he announces his own judgment or opinions, all favor the impression that he has established a formidable, if not a final, tribunal. The decision which will slowly be reached upon the issues raised between him and his many challengers will decide whether the results of his long labors are, or are not, to secure him permanent reputation and authority. Reference has already been made in these columns to the pamphlet by Mr. Wm. B. Reed, in which that gentleman addressed himself to meet what he regarded as the aspersions cast by Mr. Bancroft alike upon the private and public character of his grandfather, Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania. Since Mr. Bancroft's critics have given him so much work to do, aside from the completion of the task of his lifetime, he has led the public

* "Joseph Reed: A Historical Essay. By George Bancroft." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1867.

"A Criticism of Mr. W. B. Reed's Aspersions on the Character of Dr. Benjamin Rush, with an Incidental Consideration of General Joseph Reed's Character. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar." Philadelphia: Collins, Printer. 1867.

* "Modern Enquiries: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

to understand that not only the severest judgments he has pronounced upon some high military officials in the Revolutionary war are softened within the terms which facts would justify, but also that he has in reserve a vast mass of materials of prime authenticity and of a character damaging to individuals which provocation may induce him to draw upon. Let his critics and opponents be cautiously mindful of these reserved resources; Mr. Bancroft's research has been keen and inquisitive; the severest critics of his style and of his character as a historian never have denied that he is a man of really great acquisitions.

It is remarkable that the issues thus far opened between him and his critics relate to no impersonal public matter, no charge of bias, partiality, or perverseness in the proportions of treatment or importance assigned to incidents in the progress of the war, but wholly to alleged slanders or depreciatory judgments upon individuals. These individuals so assailed have, in every case, found either a grandson or a grand-nephew to come to their defence against Mr. Bancroft.

If we look for the prompting or justification for himself which has led Mr. Bancroft to pursue his unrelenting scrutiny into the character of Joseph Reed, we shall probably find it in these sentences in his pamphlet: "No book that I have ever read contains such libels on Washington's conduct and ability as the biography of Joseph Reed by his grandson. The wrong is concealed under occasional words of praise, and under statements and language that wear the aspect of innocence and good intentions; but if the narrative is severely examined and truly weighed, William B. Reed will be found to charge Washington with imbecility, in order to make room for the ridiculously false pretension that much of what was done best in the war of the Revolution was done by the Joseph Reed whose character, career, and estimation among his fellow-men" are investigated in the pages before us. Mr. Bancroft, therefore, sets himself to prove that Joseph Reed was "shuffling, pusillanimous, and irresolute; that he was governed by selfish considerations, and, in moments of crisis, was of no significance; that his character was tainted by duplicity; and that, as a vacillating trimmer who, in 1774 and 1775, was not heartily in the cause of his country, he, near the end of 1776, meditated defection." Mr. Bancroft affirms that he shall treat his subject as one fit for scientific investigation, by producing from his notebooks a chronological statement of authenticated facts. He distributes his matter into three parts: "I will first trace the unsteady career of the 'President' to the close of 1776; I will next consider if his subsequent general character is such as to rebut the testimony respecting his previous infidelity; and I will lastly explain why it was proper and necessary for the ends of history to hold him up in the light of truth."

The elaborate and exhaustive method and the intensity of feeling which Mr. Bancroft has spent upon this subject show how thoroughly he is convinced of the impersonal and praiseworthy motives which prompt his labor. Possibly what proves his sincerity also brings under question his fairness, moderation, and judicial impartiality in the case. So severe and unsparing is the development of his argument, through the cumulative character of the evidence and the running comment upon it, that he would have been wise on his own side to have reduced or balanced its severity by some allowances. Thus some genial concession might have been made on the score of filial partiality in a biographer; and this, too, not only on the ground of natural feeling, but as justified by regard to facts, for a grandson in an intelligent family, holding converse with the world, receives by tradition and through domestic confidences information and impressions which explain, clear up, palliate, and justify some perplexities, infelicities, and cross-workings of things of which the outside world has no knowledge. Of these explanatory or palliatory constructions a man in public life has an especial need, and ought to have the generous benefit. Such a biographer, and his readers and his critics, may do well to keep in mind the sweet charity for which good Bishop Jeremy Taylor pleads so delightfully when he reads our human nature with so full and mild a glance:

"Every man hath his indiscretions and infirmities, his arrests and sudden incursions, his neighborhoods and resemblances of sin, his little violences to reason and peevish melancholy and humorous fantastic discourses, his fondness to judge favorably in his own cases, little deceptions, and voluntary and involuntary cozenages, ignorances, and inadvertencies, careless hours, and unwatchful seasons."

Again, so far as the charges against Reed of timidity, pusillanimity, backward-looking, questions about composition with the enemy, and half-heartedness in the cause may be referred for their symptoms and manifestations to occasions of dependency, the integrity of his character is not thereby brought under distrust. Who was there in the early years of the war, in public or private life, that did not feel and yield to that dependency? Only a large, deep, irresistible influx of it, and not any

lack of manliness or patriotism, was the mastering agency which induced an actual majority of the professional men in most of the colonies to remain "loyal" or neutral. We may gather from the confidential letters of every patriot, including those of Washington himself, dark forebodings almost of despair. We can afford now to speak the fair truth—that it was the French alliance, not Washington nor Congress nor our own armies, that secured our independence.

Nor even does anything which we have seen on the record in black or white, as coming from the pen of Reed, expressive of distrust or impatience or misgiving as to the qualities or the competency of the great chief himself, substantiate the charge of unfriendliness, still less of malignity, towards him on the part of one who came so near to him. Reed, Lee, and Greene were not the only high military officers who, in their restlessness or anxiety or calm judgment, felt and expressed such distrust. We have no doubt that the occurrence of expressions of that tenor has led to the quiet destruction of many a contemporaneous record and letter which contained critical, querulous, and slanderous reflections that were put to shame by the glorious results which approved the competency of Washington. But he was not then, he could not be, we do not hesitate to say that he ought not to have been even to the members of his military family, what he is to us today. Mr. Sparks used to tell a pleasant story, which, as we heard it more than once from his lips and not in privacy, we will venture to put in print. He was spending the day with old John Adams in his retirement at Quincy. As the two were about passing from the parlor to the dining-room, Mr. Sparks lingered to look upon a portrait of Washington, hung on the wall, which caught his eye. Mr. Adams, as if impatient of his delay, took hold of his arm and moved him along, saying with infinite *nonchalance*, "A pretty good likeness. That old woodenhead got a good deal of his reputation by knowing how to hold his tongue."

The matters for allowance to which we have referred would have reduced or qualified the scorching severity of Mr. Bancroft's invectives against Joseph Reed. But even when an ugly inventory of charges would remain to be relieved only, if they can be relieved at all, by a counter ransacking and traversing of evidence by his grandson. The most damaging specification of all is that involved in a letter of Reed's to Charles Lee, published (we know not how he came by it) by Mr. George H. Moore, in his choice monograph, "The Treason of Charles Lee," etc. This letter—an ill-omened and a sadly sepulchral document—drew forth a reply from Lee which, by a strange contingency, fell into the hands and passed under the eye of Washington. Washington would have been astounded if he had seen the letter of Reed, which he never did. But he would have been something more than astounded if it had been submitted to his perusal after the writer's own account of its tenor or contents—so unlike to the truth—had been confidently received by him and accepted as a preliminary to the restoration of kindly feelings between them. Compared with this humiliating exposure—which we sincerely hope, for the credit of human nature, Mr. W. B. Reed will be able to parry or relieve—all else in Mr. Bancroft's pamphlet, though some of it is damaging to the subject of it, is of reduced importance.

The second pamphlet whose title we have given professes to have been written by a volunteer who, having been informed that the descendants of Dr. Rush did not intend to come to his defence against the treatment he had received from Mr. W. B. Reed, takes up the matter as an American in the interest of patriotism and historic truth. Besides making some general and particular references to most of the specifications dealt with by Mr. Bancroft, the writer of this pamphlet devotes himself especially to asserting the integrity of Dr. Rush on the points at which Mr. Reed had impugned it, and to a renewed argument in support of the charge originally alleged against Joseph Reed by that eminent physician. When the famous "Cadwalader Pamphlet" appeared, some eighty-four years ago, putting into sharply defined and aggravated form the reflections on President Reed's patriotism and integrity which had been circulating in private, and with more or less of vagueness, the subject of these reflections supposed he had reason to regard Dr. Rush as the anonymous originator and virtual author, under the name of "Brutus," of these severe charges. Dr. Rush's friends maintain his own allegation that he had no further agency in the matter than that of giving his testimony on one very important point when he was summoned to do so by a gentleman whose statements had been challenged as false.

The burden of the imputation cast upon President Reed, first circulated in private conversation, and then allowed by him to pass without notice, but afterwards flatly and boldly endorsed in print by General Cadwalader, was that Reed had contemplated treachery to the American cause in December, 1776. This imputation was further enforced by the allegation of Major Lennox that Reed had even consummated that treachery. The writer before us restricts himself to dealing with the imputation in the form al-

leged by Cadwalader. Among the witnesses on whose testimony the general relied was Rush, whose evidence went no further than the showing that Reed in conversation with him had palliated or justified defection to the American cause in the case of others, and had thus implied self-justification if he himself should see fit to follow their example. The doctor testified that the conversation occurred as he was riding with Joseph Reed a few days before the battle of Trenton, on the 26th of December, 1776, from Bristol to headquarters, near New Town. General Cadwalader alleged that about the same date Reed expressed the same feelings to him so strongly as to indicate a meditated purpose. The efforts of Mr. Reed's grandson to meet and nullify this testimony are the occasion which the "Member of the Philadelphia Bar" finds for taking part in this embittered strife. It is not for us to enter as umpires or arbitrators between the disputants, dead or living. The revival of the controversy suggests to us a thought which presented itself with our first reading on the subject, though singularly enough it does not seem to have occurred to the writers on either side. It is this: Was it not strange that those patriotic men to whom Reed confided what they afterwards regarded as a purpose of treachery did not at once expose and disable him, instead of allowing him to assume new and important public trusts? Did not their apathy or inaction indicate that, at the time, his words passed with them only as an expression of impatience, vacillation, or despondency?

MISS RAVENEL'S CONVERSION.*

MR. DE FOREST, who has written other books, but whose acquaintance we make for the first time in this novel, is a very lively writer. He is hardly to be called a young man, but as he appears in this story one would take him to be a man just at the end of his youth, tolerably well satisfied with himself, tolerably well satisfied, therefore, with the world, courageous, clear-headed, bright-minded, witty, yet whose wit, if analyzed, would not seldom appear to be of the order of Lord Dalgarno's—which, says Scott, was sometimes levity and sometimes the play of abundant animal spirits—a quick-eyed observer, and, to describe him briefly, a man, so far as concerns his habits of thought, his opinions, his culture, who is the natural product of an excellent New England town. As a novelist, we may add that, so far as concerns the more striking characteristics of his style, a not injudicious but decided admiration for Charles Reade has had something to do with his production.

All this is talk about the author and is not in strictness reviewing his book. But the book is full of Mr. De Forest. We say so not meaning the words to be understood in their bad sense. But Mr. De Forest's plan of writing, like Mr. Reade's, admits of the constant presence of the author upon the stage as manipulator of the figures; like Mr. Reade, he is constantly favoring the reader with his own reflections and comments upon the action as it goes on, button-holing him, so to speak, and taking him into his confidence—a practice of which the tendency is sometimes in the other direction, but most frequently, we believe, tends to make the figures seem puppets; finally—and here is his weakest point as a novelist—he certainly fails to give his personages so much life and separate individuality as to make us accept them for real and forget the writer. So, after reading the story, we find ourselves pleased with Mr. De Forest, willingly ascribing praise to him, and thinking of him rather than of his characters, Dr. Ravenel and Miss Ravenel and the captain in love with her—we really have to reopen the book to get his name—Captain Edward Colburne.

One exception we make to this assertion regarding the personages of the story. Carter is well depicted; daguerreotyped from nature. We all have seen just such men, and all can recognize Mr. De Forest's accurate and spirited portraiture. He is a Virginian, a graduate of the school at West Point, a good soldier, not well furnished with brains originally, and somewhat demoralized in intellect and more demoralized in character by the stupid dissipations into which our army officers were so often driven by the dull life in frontier forts and Southern arsenals. We all remember how, in the beginning of the war, such men were gladly taken by our Northern governors for colonels of volunteer regiments; how they were apt to McClellanize; how, in spite of an aversion to negroes and a weakness for whiskey, they became, by dint of knowing their business and by hard fighting, first brigadiers and then major-generals, and how occasionally some of them as well as some volunteers were suspected of worse faults than cursing the Radicals, too courteously entreating "true Southern gentlemen," and indulging a weakness for wine and women. A good specimen of this class, with its mingled virtues and faults—chief of the latter being the misfor-

tune of having been born a fool—Mr. De Forest has given us in his John T. Carter, colonel, and by-and-by brigadier-general of volunteers. The character is not one abounding in subtleties, enough of its traits can be painted from the surface indications, but, such as it is, Mr. De Forest has set it before us vividly.

This handsome officer with his thirty-five years, his ruddy-bronze complexion, his audacious eye, his mighty mustachios, his easy assurance, his manners not unlike those of her native Louisiana, captivates Miss Lillie Ravenel. She is a small, female secessionist, eighteen or nineteen years old, whose father, a staunch Unionist, has been forced to fly from New Orleans at the very beginning of the troubles, and has "refugeed," as they used to say, in the city of New Boston, which is in the New England State of Barataria—a city and State which some people believe to be New Haven and Connecticut. Miss Ravenel, for her part, makes prize of the heart, not so case-hardened as the colonel's, of a good young man, Edward Colburne, a graduate of the college at New Boston, an attorney not yet in good practice, a good fellow as well as a good man, but a little colorless, commonplace, young, and, on the whole, of no consequence, though like many another such youth he turns out to be a valiant and enduring soldier. After Bull Run the governor of Barataria commissions Carter as a colonel and Colburne as a captain, their regiment being the 10th Barataria, and the two men say good-bye to the Ravensels and put to sea under sealed orders which consign them to Butler's expedition against New Orleans. The city is taken, and the doctor and his daughter go back to their old home, where at once Miss Ravenel's conversion from secession to loyalty takes place. It consists in this simply: that an empty-headed young lady, who had liked the secessionists partly because she was born empty-headed and partly because she was born in Louisiana, undergoes a change of feeling when she discovers that her father's Unionism makes him and herself odious to their former acquaintances. The book is ill named, from a circumstance which is in itself trifling, and which is in no way of the least importance to the story. The Ravensels, of course, continue their acquaintance with the colonel and the captain; the young lady, a good deal against the wishes of her father, who likes Colburne, marries Carter; her husband is by-and-by led into temptation by a creole lady—a Frenchwoman of Louisiana—and falls; she discovers his faithlessness, and, while he is away campaigning, goes back to New Boston; he is by-and-by killed in battle, and the widow of course marries Colburne.

The plot, then, is of the simplest; as we have said, the characters we find not interesting, and with one exception not well drawn—in fact, it would be saying too little not to say that they are, for the most part, the old familiar figures; yet the book is a readable book, and the author is, on the whole, to be congratulated on his success. So much nowadays is packed into a novel that it is possible for us to say all this, and not be inconsistent with ourselves. These are some of the things that will make the book liked, and on account of which we have read it with some pleasure, and recommend its perusal to our readers: First of all, the author is a lively and quite agreeable companion. Then there is, in the first chapters, a rather good satirical description of the society which supports existence in our better sort of college towns. We hear it whispered by the way that New Haven is not well pleased with this part of the new novel, but, we suppose, several other towns in more than one other State of the Union have an equal right with New Haven to be offended. Perhaps this passage may serve as well as any for a specimen of this portion of the book:

"The Whitewood house was of an architecture so common in New Boston that in describing it I run no risk of identifying it to the curious. Exteriously it was a square box of brick, stuccoed to represent granite; interiorly it consisted of four rooms on each floor, divided by a hall up and down the centre. This was the original construction, to which had been added a greenhouse, into which you passed through the parlor, carefully balanced by a study, into which you passed through the library. Trim, regular, geometrical, one half of the structure weighing to an ounce just as much as the other half, and the whole perhaps forming some exact fraction of the entire avoirdupois of the globe, the very furniture distributed at measured distances, it was precisely such a building as the New Boston soul would naturally create for itself. Miss Ravenel noticed this with a quickness of perception as to the relations of mind and matter which astonished and amused Mr. Colburne.

"If I should be transported on Aladdin's carpet," she said, "fast asleep, to some unknown country, and should wake up and find myself in such a house as this, I should know that I was in New Boston. How the professor must enjoy himself here! This room is exactly twenty feet one way by twenty feet the other. Then the hall is just ten feet across by just forty in length. The professor can look at it and say, Four times ten is forty. Then the greenhouse and the study balance each other like the paddle boxes of a steamer. Why will you all be so square?"

Then there is some interesting reading descriptive of the days when Butler and Banks ruled and reigned in New Orleans, and not a little speculating and debauchery went on there. The account of Chief-Quar-

* "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. De Forest." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

termaster Carter's cotton "speculation," and his purchase of steamboats, will help people to understand what the Department of the Gulf was in the days of military rule. We quote with pleasure—part of which only is due to the Cracker story—this little picture of a major-general in New Orleans. The time of the occurrence is after the removal of General Butler, and the picture is very good so far as it goes:

"Is the major-general pleasant?" asked Lillie with an inconsequence which was somewhat characteristic of her. She was more interested in learning how a great dignitary looked and behaved than in hearing what were his opinions on the subject of freemen's labor.

"I do n't know that a major-general is obliged to be pleasant, at least not in war time," answered the doctor, a little annoyed at the interruption to the train of his ideas. "Yes, he is pleasant enough; in fact something too much of deportment. He put me in mind of one of my adventures among the Georgia Crackers. I had to put up for the night in one of those miserable up-country log shanties where you can study astronomy all 'night through the chinks in the roof, and where the man and wife sleep one side of you and the children and dogs on the other. The family, it seems, had had a quarrel with a neighboring family of superior pretensions, which had not yet culminated in gouging or shooting. The eldest daughter, a ragged girl of seventeen, described to me with great gusto an encounter which had taken place between her mother and the female chieftain of the hostile tribe. Said she, 'Miss Jones, she tried to come the dignified over mar. But thar she found her beater. My mar is hell on dignity.'—Well, the major-general runs rather too luxuriantly to dignity. But his ideas on the subject of reorganizing labor are excellent, and have my earnest respect and approbation. I believe that under his administration the negroes will be allowed and encouraged to take their first certain step toward civilization. They are to receive some remuneration—not for the bygone centuries of forced labor and oppression—but for what they will do hereafter."

We get also some satire upon the custom which prevailed among our Northern governors of dispensing military patronage not with an eye single to the advantages of military service, but with a side glance, necessary we suppose, to the exigencies of politics. And finally, to put the best last, there is some excellent description of campaigning in the terrible swamps and forests of Louisiana and in the trenches at Port Hudson. We would gladly quote in proof of the justice of this praise the account of the first assault on Port Hudson and the repulse, and the stirring battle-piece where we witness the brave death of Carter. It is as a picture of the military service in the Department of the Gulf, "a novel of the war," that we think best of the book. So considered, it deserves more praise, we think, than any of its numerous rivals for popular favor, and is so well worth reading that, though we are constrained to pronounce the work a poor novel, we are quite willing to say that it is a poor novel with a deal of good in it.

This first edition contains a great many typographical errors, some of them so gross as only to be accounted for by supposing gross carelessness in the proof-reader.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

IN our first article on this translation we half promised ourselves the pleasure of comparing the different versions of certain passages with that of Mr. Longfellow; but we intended this to be rather in witness of the fidelity than of the beauty of Mr. Longfellow's work. The sense of this beauty must be left to the English reader; if he does not find the work pleasing in itself as an English poem, he cannot be expected to like it, and he could not be blamed if he preferred the fidelity of an interlinear, literal prose translation before all that Mr. Longfellow has achieved. The difficult problem which our translator proposed himself remains unsolved if, with his perfect loyalty to his original, he has not united poetic perceptions and sympathies far transcending the scholar's faculty. We believe he has done this, and we accept the result of his labors as a solution of the problem. We think his translation incomparably the best that has been made. Whether it is the best that can be made, remains for proof. Man is so constituted that probably every one of Mr. Longfellow's Italian-reading critics will feel that he could better it if he would, and will probably reserve his effort for that moment of leisure when mortals purpose to amend themselves.

There is abroad, together with the schoolmaster who half educates the popular mind, a shrewd doubt whether a poet of Mr. Longfellow's supposed essential gentleness and sweetness could possibly translate a poet of Dante's supposed essential ruggedness and fierceness. Somehow, people have been taught to look upon Dante as a monster of extraordinary force and activity, who is for ever doing prodigies of vigor; like a statue of the worst Renaissance period all tense with muscular action, whatever mood it represents. We need not pause to combat this notion, or the doubt born of it, further than to explain that in passages of peculiar force Mr. Longfellow's task must have been simplified, for he had there merely to give the exact equivalent of the Italian in a language of superior directness and compactness. It is probable that the translator's patient and exquisite art was as severely

tasked to render lines of narrative, of description, and of argument as the fiercest outburst of his author's wrath or scorn. There is also quite as much of scholarly skill and poetic sympathy demanded by the softer and more lyrical moods of Dante as by his dramatic strokes. In the nineteenth canto of the "Purgatorio" is that song of the siren to translate which, as Mr. Longfellow has translated it, must be, as we think, a costlier triumph than any six of the "strongest" lines in the "Inferno":

"Io son," cantava, "Io son dolce Sirena,
'I am,' she sang, 'I am the siren sweet,
Che i marinari in mezzo il mar dismago,
Who mariners amid the main unman,
Tanto son di piacere a sentir piena,
So full am I of pleasantness to hear.
Io trassi Ulisse del suo cammin vago
I drew Ulysses from his wandering way
Al canto mio; e qual meco s'ausa
Unto my song, and he who dwells with me,
Rado sen parte, sì tutto l'appago.
Seldom departs, so wholly I content him."

A siren's song, indeed, and a perfect echo of the meaning and the music of the Italian! Is it not amusing after this to read it in Cary's translation?

"I," thus she sang,
'I am the Siren, she whom mariners
On the wide sea are wiled when they hear:
Such fulness of delight the listener feels.
I from his course Ulysses by my lay
Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once
Parts seldom; so I charm him, and his heart
Contented knows no void."

How Mr. Longfellow meets the complex difficulties of his work will be seen, we think, in an extract from the episode of Ugolino, where there is a fusion of the qualities of picturesqueness and drama which form so great a part of Dante's genius. The reader recalls how Ugolino, relating to the poet his imprisonment in the Tower of Famine, breaks forth:

"Cruel, indeed, art thou, if yet thou grieve not,
Thinking of what my heart forbode me,
And weep'st at thou not, what art thou wont to weep at?
They were awake now, and the hour drew nigh
At which our food used to be brought to us,
And through his dream was each one apprehensive;
And I heard locking up the under door
Of the horrible tower; whereat, without a word,
I gazed into the faces of my sons.
I wept not, I within so turned to stone;
They wept; and darling little Anselm mine
Said, 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what doth all thee?'
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
Until another sun rose on the world.
As now a little glimmer made its way
Into the dolorous prison, and I saw
Upon four faces my own very aspect,
Both of my hands in agony I bit;
And, thinking that I did it from desire
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
And said they: 'Father, much less pain 't will give us
If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us
With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad;
That day we all were silent, and the next.
Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open?
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,
Saying, 'My father, why dost thou not help me?'
And there he died; and, as thou seest me,
I saw the three fall one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me,
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then hunger did what sorrow could not do."

Turning from this to the different English versions of the same lines, it is hard to see where any in any part equals it, while in their entirety it is quite idle to compare them. The last tercines:

"Quivi morì, e come tu mi vedi
Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno
Tra 'l quinto dì e 'l sesto; ond' io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno,
E tre dì gli chiamai, poich' e' fur morti:
Poesia più che 'l dolor poté il digiuno,"

are thus translated by Cary:

"There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and the sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then fasting got
The mastery of grief."

Mr. Ford, who has rendered this episode well and with a due sense of its beauties, must say for his rhyme's sake,

"I did not weep, turned marble in my woe;"
"Frantic with grief I bit my hands, and they
Deeming that hunger made me furious grow;"
"Then hunger, more than sorrow, finished all;"

missing in each line, and throughout the whole, some delicate meaning and subtle grace which Mr. Longfellow gives us.

"Three days upon the dead my cries resound,
Then grief no longer could with hunger cope,"

sings Mr. Brooksbank, who seems to have here an eye rather to the title of Dante's whole work than his local meaning.

Mr. Cayley is brought by his *terza rima*, if nothing worse, to the horrible pass below:

"Then did I both my hands for fury gnaw.
But they perceiving me, rose up amain,
Believing I had done so for my maw."

The version of this episode by Mrs. Ramsay is one of the most pleasing of the rhymed translations, and is rather faithful, but the strong figure,

"Tu ne vestisti
"Queste misere carni e tu ne spoglia,"

is paraphrased,

"From thee we had
These wretched bodies; take them back again;"

and throughout the version there is sacrifice of light and delicate meanings in which there is much Dante lost.

Mr. Wright's translation is bad, almost of course—so bad that we must give the whole of it if we would give a full sense of its absurdity. Happily this is not necessary.

"Thou gav'st us birth,"

say the children, in language suited to their delirious state, and otherwise his translation is weakened, inflated, and distorted.

Not one of these translators, however free with the original, has won a grace beyond the reach of Mr. Longfellow's fidelity; but all fall as far below him in beauty of diction and poetic dignity as they do in loyalty to Dante. On comparing the version of our translator with that of Mr. Rossetti, who has proceeded upon the same principle of perfect literalness and line-for-line rendering, it is very remarkable that in the whole thirty-six verses cited only one verse should be found the same in both versions. Mr. Longfellow is uniformly more faithful than Mr. Rossetti, and that he is more artistic and spirited, we suppose no one will deny who looks at the work of both. We do not quote Mr. Rossetti's version of this passage; but we can equally well exhibit the difference between his performance and that of Mr. Longfellow in the episode of Francesca:

LONGFELLOW.

"Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,
Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends
To rest in peace with all his retinue.
Love, that on gentle heart doth swiftly seize,
Seized this man for the person beautiful
That was ta'en from me, and still the mode offends me.
Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,
Seized me with pleasure of this man so strongly
That, as thou seest, it doth not yet desert me;
Love has conducted us unto one death;
Calina waiteth him who quenched our life."
These words were borne along from them to us.
As soon as I had heard those souls tormented,
I bowed my face, and so long held it down
Until the Poet said to me, "What thinkest thou?"
When I made answer, I began: "Alas!
How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire,
Conducted these unto the dolorous pass!"
Then unto them I turned me, and I spake,
And I began: "Thine agonies, Francesca,
Sad and compassionate to weeping make me.
But tell me, at the time of those sweet sighs,
By what and in what manner Love conceded,
That you should know your dubious desires?"
And she to me, "There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.
But, if to recognize the earliest root
Of love in us thou hast so great desire,
I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.
One day we reading were for our delight
Of Lancelot, how Love did him enthral.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When, as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth, all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein."
And all the while one spirit uttered this,
The other one did weep so that, for pity,
I swooned away as if I had been dying,
And fell, even as a dead body falls."

ROSSETTI.

"The territory I was born in sits
Upon the shore whereat the Po descends,
To be at peace, he and his followers.
Love, which takes quickly to the gentle heart,
Took him for the fair person which was left
From me, and still the mode offendeth me.
Love, which excuses no beloved from love,
Took me so strongly of the cheer of him
That, as thou seest, yet it leaves me not.
Love brought us unto one the self-same death:
Him who in life destroyed us Calina waits."

These words were proffered unto us by them.

When I had hearkened those offended souls,
I bent my face, and held it down so long
As till the Poet said to me, "What thinkest thou?"

"Alas!" when I responded, I began,
"How many tender thoughts, how much desire,
Brought these along unto the woful pass!"

Then I turned round to them, and spoke myself,
And I began: "Francesca, these thy pains
Make me to weep, mournful and pitying.
But tell me,—at the time of the sweet sighs,
Whereat and in what way did love concede
That you your dubious longings recognized?"

And she to me: "There is no greater grief
Than to remember one of happy time
In misery: and this thy tutor knows.
But, if thou hast desire so powerful
To be acquainted of our love's first root.
Like him will I do who doth weep and speak.
Reading we were one day, for our delight,
Of Lancelot, how love constrained him;
We were alone, with no suspiciousness.
More than one time that reading struck our eyes
Together, and discolored us in face:
But it was only one point conquered us.
When as we read about the longed-for smile,
How by so great a lover it was kissed,
This one who from me ne'er shall be disjoined,
Trembling all over kissed me on the mouth.
A Galeotto was the book, and he that writ:
Further that day we read in it no more."

Meantime, as the one soul was saying this,
The other wept so that, for pitying,
I failed at heart, as though I should have died;
And down I fell as a dead body falls."

The sincerity of Mr. Rossetti's wish to accurately reproduce Dante is not less questionable than his failure to do so, and it appears to us that his version wants metrical grace in the same degree that it wants literalness. After allowing him all the praise that can justly be given him, the need of such a version as Mr. Longfellow's, which preserves in a strong and perfectly coherent poetic feeling all Dante's meaning, is undeniable. Mr. Rossetti sometimes mistranslates, but his chief disqualification is that he is no poet—has not even a good ear for rhythm.

At first glance the reader feels a certain dissatisfaction with Mr. Longfellow's translation of the inscription on the gate of hell; and after many readings we confess that we cannot escape the unpleasant impression of the phrase "city dolent," though we perceive the advantage of preserving the musical change from dolent to dole and dolorous in succeeding lines. Let the reader, however, take these lines and compare them with the original, and then with the wild and sometimes ludicrous versions of others, and he will discern their exceeding skillfulness and their unquestionable superiority:

LONGFELLOW.

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator,
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eternal, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in."

ROSSETTI.

"Through me you pass into the grieving realm;
Through me you pass into the eternal grief;
Through me you pass among the kin that's lost.
Justice impelled my Maker, the All-High;
The Puissance Divine created me.
The supreme Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before myself created things were not,
Unless eternal—I eternal last.
Leave off all hope, all ye who enter in."

FORD.

"By me is reached the city doomed to grieve;
By me the grief that must eternal prove;
By me the people lost beyond reprieve.
Justice my mighty Maker first did move;
Omnipotence Divine my structure rear,
The supreme Wisdom and the primal Love.
Save things eternal none created were
Prior to me: eternal I remain;
Despair for ever, ye who enter here."

WRIGHT.

"Through me ye enter the abode of woe;
Through me to endless sorrow are ye brought;
Through me amidst the souls accurst ye go.
Justice did first my mighty Maker move;
By power Almighty was my fabric wrought,
By highest Wisdom and by primal Love.
Ere I was formed no things created were
Save those eternal—I eternal last:
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

CAYLEY

"Through me ye pass into the city of woe:
Through me ye pass eternal woes to prove;
Through me among the blasted race ye go.
'Twas Justice did my most high Maker move,
And I have been the work of power Divine,
Of supreme Wisdom and of primal Love.
No creature has an elder date than mine
Unless eternal, and I have no end.
O ye that enter me, all hope resign."

It is not worth while to give the versions of Mrs. Ramsay, of Thomas, and of Brooksbank, or to comment upon the quality of the different versions above, further than to note the exceeding badness of Mr. Rossetti's, which

is no more literal than some of the rhymed versions, and yet has all the awkwardness of mere literality.

We are sensible of the injustice of criticism which compares part with part, for it necessarily fails of conveying an idea of the whole in either case; but it is the only means of comparative criticism possible in the limited space of a newspaper, and Mr. Longfellow suffers equally with the rest. We must do a kindred injustice to our translator when we attempt to represent, by means of extracts, the absolute value of his work. The best to be said of it is that it is certainly Dante. After that, every one must acknowledge that it has a delightful music, and a fresh original quality in the English so resolutely faithful to the Italian. There is remarkably little inversion, and not one inversion that need obscure the sense for a moment, though the sense is often hard in itself, or at other times is so simple that the reader's own unwillingness to accept the plainest purport of the words as Dante's meaning makes difficulty for which he is tempted to blame the translator. There is in Mr. Longfellow's work an occasional excess of literality, as in the line,

"If were the King of the Universe our friend,"

and the diction is now and then disagreeably characterized by the use of words like *antelucan* and *serotine*, which translate Dante into the English dictionary rather than the English language. But these are blemishes extremely rare in a performance that wins greater liking and honor the more closely it is studied and examined. To whatever part of the poem we turn, it seems to us that the translator has been equal to his most difficult task, and we should hardly know which part of his version to praise most. We have already let it praise itself, so far as quotation can go, in the passages quoted from the "Inferno;" but we think neither of these is finer than the description of the Wood of Thorns, or the story of Ulysses, or the scenes of grotesque horror about the lake of pitch, or the canto telling of Cavalcanti and Farinata.

The present version of the "Purgatorio" is exquisitely responsive to the spirit of the original; less sombre than that of the "Inferno," but not less beautifully solemn and grand. The sublime picturesqueness of the poem is felt as in the Italian itself, and we perceive how, in such a passage as this describing the approach of the celestial pilot, the translator has shared the exaltation of his original:

"And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which, when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it
Little by little there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried, 'Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
Then as still nearer and more near we came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it: and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within."

Then, how charmingly all the quaintness and tenderness of that description of Dante's meeting with the Countess Matilda beside Lethe is given us, so that the scene affects us like some lovely painting painted when art was a soul and not a mere intelligence:

"And lo! my further course a stream cut off,
Which, toward the left hand with its little waves
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon,
With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
The great variety of the fresh May.
And there appeared to me (even as appears
Suddenly something that doth turn aside
Through very wonder every other thought)
A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.
'Ah, beautiful lady, who in rays of love
Dost warm thyself, if I may trust to looks,
Which the heart's witnesses are wont to be,
May the desire come unto thee to draw

Near to this river's bank.' I said to her,
'So much that I may hear what thou art singing,
Thou makest me remember where and what
Prosperina that moment was when lost
Her mother her, and she herself the S ring.'
As turns herself with feet together pressed
And to the ground, a lady who is dancing,
And hardly puts one foot before the other,
On the vermillion and the yellow flowerets
She turned towards me, not in other wise
Than maiden who her modest eyes casts down;
And my entreaties made to be content,
So near approach, that the dulcet sound
Came unto me together with its meaning.
As soon as she was where the grasses are
Bathed by the waters of the beauteous river
To lift her eyes she granted me the boon.
I do not think there shone so great a light
Under the lids of Venus, when transfixed
By her own son beyond his usual custom!
Erect upon the other bank she smiled,
Bearing full many colors in her hands."

The beautiful mysticism of the ensuing canto, delighting with every sweet sight and sound, is a pleasure which we leave untouched to the reader's enjoyment, as we must leave a thousand other pleasures in the poem. Here at last that much suffering reader will find Dante's greatness manifest, and not his greatness only, but his grace, his simplicity, and his affection. Here he will find strength matched with wonderful sweetness, and dignity with quaintness—Dante of the thirteenth century and Dante of eternity. There has been no attempt to add to or take from this lofty presence. Opening the book we stand face to face with the poet, and when his voice ceases we may well marvel if he has not sung to us in his own Tuscan. "I suppose," said Blake, when questioned of the language used by the spirit of a great poet in converse with him, "I suppose that he spoke in his native tongue, but it sounded to me like the most noble English."

NEW BIBLICAL DICTIONARIES.*

THE first work named below is to be comprised in six volumes. It will undoubtedly be the most complete and popular depository of the knowledge which it aims to reduce under one alphabet. Its wide range can, without quoting from its prospectus, be best indicated, perhaps, by a selection from the vocabulary of the volume before us. We meet, then, *Abbé, Abelard, Abraham's bosom, Abraham a Sancta Clara, Absalom's tomb, abyss, afternoon, Alexandrian Library, Apollo, appearances of Christ, Arcopagus, ass of Balaam, Augustine (St.), auricular confession, auto da fé; Bacon (Francis), Bartholomew's Day, Baxter (Richard), Beautiful Gate, behemoth, Belgium, Benedict IX., benefit of clergy, Bentham (Jeremy), Bible Societies of Great Britain, bloody sweat, bondage in Egypt, bowing at the name of Jesus, bowing towards the East, Brazil, Buddhism, Bull (papal), bulrush, Byles (Mather), by-word, Bzowski.* The catholicity of the work appears also in its mention of Joseph S. Buckminster along with that of Lyman Beecher, and in giving a separate title to the *African M. E. Church.*

It is an ungrateful as it is (and partly because it is) a comparatively easy task to point out errors in so laborious a compilation; while at the same time it is quite impossible to criticize profoundly what, as the preface states, is contained in no single dictionary in the English or in any other language. Let us begin, therefore, by praising the design of the book, and the industry of its editors in collating, rewriting, and composing the various articles. More than half those in the Biblical department "are wholly original, and nearly all contain important new matter." "The articles on the several Christian denominations have either been prepared by ministers belonging to them, or have been submitted to such ministers for examination and correction." To this add the very important service of sifting for the student's reference the bibliography of each topic—a tedious and delicate undertaking, for which, however, the fairness and erudition of the editors are a sufficient guaranty. As far as practicable, the sources from which the dictionary is chiefly derived are acknowledged with due credit. In the list occurs Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie*, German edition, a very full authority in matters of theology. The preface, however, alludes to the Rev. Dr. Bomberger's translation, which was begun in 1856, but suspended during the war, and which the editors hope may be resumed and completed. They do not mention its remarkable lack of typographical and scholarly accuracy, but we may assert of it that, in some of its parts, scarcely one Hebrew word in ten is correctly printed, and we are almost tempted to think that Drs. McClintock and Strong have borrowed from this quarter some of the errors in the same language which mar their work. We know the difficulty of being accurate even with the modern languages, but Hebrew surely is nothing if not faultless.

* * Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. John McClintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. Vol. I.—A, B. New York: Harper & Bros.

* American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and Edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Mr. Ezra Abbot, A.M., Assistant Librarian of Harvard University. Parts I., II. New York: Hard & Houghton. Sold only by subscription.

Take the first page, fifth title, for example. In *Aaron*, the first two Hebrew vowels are transposed, the shorter coming before the longer. On the second page, title "Aaron, Acharon," in the word *torah*, law, the long *a* is wanting. Under the following title, *tephiloth*, prayers, is made to end in *ch* instead of *th*. Page 27, title "Abrabanel," the words translated by *Early Prophets* are printed in the English order, instead of the usual inversion of the substantive and adjective in Hebrew; and, finally, the last Hebrew word under the same title has two errors in it. All these, it may be confessed, are slight, especially to one conversant with the language. But what, to return to the title already quoted on page 2, shall be said of "Aaron, Acharon?" Will it not be supposed that the second name is a synonym for the same person, as Shakspeare for Shakespeare, or else an additional name? The comma and the following capital letter would certainly justify this inference. But *acharon* is simply Hebrew for *ultimus*, the last; just as we write "Pliny the younger," and the French "Dumas fils." The same remark applies to the following title, but with double force, because here we have "Aaron, Ariscon, or Harishon"—apparently three synonyms. *Harishon* stands for *priscus*, the ancient or first. *Ariscon* is probably a Gallicized form of the German rendering of *harishon*, viz., *harischo*. Both or neither should have been given. If either, we ought also to have under "Marcus Aurelius" the French form of "Marc-Aurèle." In this case the error seems to be one of simple transfer, but is the less excusable because it is superficial, and would naturally have attracted attention in the proof-reading.

The Greek, so far as we have examined, is very correct; the German not always. French accents are so commonly neglected by writers and printers that we should be hypercritical to note their occasional omission here.

Uniformity was not to be expected, perhaps never is, in a work absorbing or employing without concert the knowledge of great numbers of writers, destitute of even the bond of the same race or language. We have already afforded a glimpse of this. Confirmation is so easy that we shall not dwell upon it. "Bohemia" has annexed to it several mediæval and Old German synonyms; "Austria" has none. But the national name for Bohemia (*Cæchia*) is not enumerated. The Magyar form of "Attila" is said to be *Atzel*; it should be *Etele*, a very slight change from the original.

As for the "Church and national statistics" which are contained in this volume, the value of them is exceedingly questionable on general principles; and when one attempts to give the number of sectarians not only in thousands but in hundreds and tens and even units, he is certainly figuring beyond his or anybody's knowledge. In the table to accompany the article on Austria, we find that there is one Greek in Austria above the Enns, one Unitarian, and one religionist who cannot be classified! It is a pity the name of each has not been preserved. But there are other remarkable numerical coincidences in these same columns. In Venetia, the Greeks and the Protestants of the Augsburg Confession are alike reckoned at 81; and there is throughout Austria a wonderful parallel between the Unitarians and the unclassified sects. In Croatia and Slavonia, Transylvania, and the Military Frontier, they each number 31, 48,040, and 4, respectively! We hope we shall not be deemed irreverent for saying that this reminds us of one of Mr. Lincoln's stories—about the drunken fellow in court who heard the clerk read the indictment, "did steal, take, and carry away, ten boars, ten sows, ten shoats, and ten pigs," and exclaimed: "Well, that is the most equally divided gang of hogs I ever did hear tell of."

We come now to criticise the illustrations. Of those purely pictorial or topographical there can be little complaint. They are generally, not always (see the "wild boar," p. 839), an aid to the text, and the only question is whether they are worth the space they occupy. Of the maps, there can in our opinion be no question. They could not, unless they were sewed in by themselves, be of any practical value, but to let them displace reading matter is to make light of the embarrassment of choice which the editors must surely have felt in their compiling. Here, for instance, are maps of North and South America and Asia, occupying more than two and a half pages, and as worthless and unnecessary as maps could well be. On p. 551 a map of Austria is "thrown in." It embraces Northern Italy as far as the Ticino, regardless of the great cessions of 1859 and 1866, and is crowded most illegibly with names of all degrees of importance. The misspelling is dreadful; there are other cases as bad as *Rzochow* for *Rzeszow*. Once in a while the word "modern" is prefixed to the country thus misrepresented, but the intelligent reader will not be deceived. In justice to the publishers it must be surmised that the maps were not made for this work. In the succeeding volumes we advise the editors to waste no more of their precious space in a vain attempt to supersede the atlas. They include enough already to supplant many dozens of works which the average student can never hope to own or even examine, but which he could never reconcile himself to doing without. Spite of errors evitable

and inevitable, this cyclopædia is undoubtedly the most useful yet constructed either here or in Europe. It is both creditable in its design and execution and timely in its appearance, and may be recommended, if not without reserve at least without hesitation, as having no rival.

The American edition of Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary appears in monthly parts, which are expected to number thirty in all. As the original work is perfectly well known, we need not speak of its merits; in comparison with the cyclopædia just noticed, it is of course narrower in scope, and in fact is not bodily but essentially, in all its principal titles, a constituent part of it. The American editors have not sought to change its proper character, but only to improve and supplement it. Thus, they embody the appendix with the text, verify anew the Scripture references, multiply the cross-references, explain, as far as possible, the signification of Hebrew and Greek names, and readjust their accentuation, carry out more thoroughly the plan of the original to present "the corresponding forms in the Hebrew, Greek, and Vulgate, together with the variations in the two great manuscripts of the Septuagint," add fresh illustrations from recent books of travel, explain now obsolete words or phrases in the English Bible, insert new topics, and, finally, do fuller justice to the names and works of American scholars. These must all be admitted to be important improvements.

Of Part II., before us, we can say that the American notes are numerous, copious, very erudite, and entirely worthy of the original work—which all scholars know is saying a great deal. Also numerous and valuable, though less so than the notes, are the inserted articles, of which *Armory*, *Aser*, *Ashtaroth*, *Baal*, etc., are samples. The print and illustrations are fine indeed, the former uncommonly correct, especially for a reprint, and admirably so in foreign words, of whatever language. As the proof-reading was Mr. Abbot's particular charge, it is right that he should be named in this connection and high praise awarded him. Not that there are no errors; but to show how few, we annex the only ones we have detected after closely examining every Hebrew word in these 112 pages. There are others which are but seeming errors, and are attributable to the paleness of the ink. Only one occurs in the American addenda, viz., to the title "Aphrah," in which *aphar* is rendered "ashes" instead of "dust." "Ashes" is *epher* (with *aleph*); cf. *aphar vaepher*, dust and ashes. In the reprinted text, title "Ark of the Covenant," *mitzad aron* is not exactly quoted. "In the side of the ark" would be *mitzad havron*. And again, *eben shethiyah*, "stone of drinking," is hardly correct; probably related to *shath* (pl. *shathoth*), pillar, cornerstone. Title "Arms:" *Shon* is not "a corruption of *shirjon*," as is suggested, but of *shirjon* (Jer. xlv. 4 and li. 3—an omitted form). Title "Asaph:" *chezech*, seer, should read *chozeh*. Title "Ashes:" there is a slight misprint, which we need not specify, in *tapuah*. Title "Asmodeus:" *deshire* should be printed *deshide*. Title "Avim:" for *chavvi*, Hivite, read *chicvi*. Title "Baal:" for *chamon* read *hamon*.

Critical and Social Essays. Reprinted from THE NATION. 12mo. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—Of the merits of this book it does not become us to speak; typographically it is everything that could be desired. It will in some small measure replace, for recent subscribers to THE NATION, the back volumes of the paper. The following is the table of contents:—1. The Glut in the Fiction-Market; 2. Critics and Criticism; 3. Clergymen's Salaries; 4. Popularizing Science; 5. The Good Old Times; 6. Why We have No Saturday Reviews; 7. Tinkering Hymns; 8. American Ministers Abroad; 9. Horse-Racing; 10. Some of our Social Philosophers; 11. Waste; 12. Dress and its Critics; 13. The Social Influence of the National Debt; 14. Hints for Fourth of July Orations; 15. American Reputations in England; 16. The European and American Order of Thought; 17. Roads; 18. Pews; 19. A Connecticut Village; 20. Voyages and Travels; 21. Verse-Making; 22. Something about Monuments; 23. Our Love of Luxury; 24. A Plea for Culture; 25. Curiosities of Longevity.

Dime Chess Instructor. Miron J. Hazeltine. (New York: Beadle & Co.)—This thin little paper-covered volume is sufficiently illustrated with diagrams, and is written with a clearness that a good many more pretentious works do not display. We cheerfully recommend it to beginners in what Mr. Hazeltine may be allowed to call "the most elegant and elevating and intellectual pastime ever invented by man to delight his fellows;" for Mr. Hazeltine is, as he might say himself, "a worshipping priest at the shrine of the Goddess Chess;" in other words, chess editor of the *New York Clipper*, and enthusiasm becomes him. He has plenty of knowledge also, as well as zeal, and has put enough of it into these eighty pages to make any faithful student of them a very fair player.

Half-tints. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—This is a group of short papers on various topics of society, some light (very) and some serious. The hotel, its luxuries and its extortions; fashion, its selfishness, its conjugal falsity, and its poodles; the stock and the gold exchange, their vicissitudes and frauds; the doctors and their solemn professional hypocries and schemes; the clergyman with his tenderness for the taste and conscience of Dives and fondness for the millinery of pulpit and parlor—these are among the themes. The author's style is generally crisp, abounding in figures, and in exaggerations not a few; occasional freshness amid much commonplace; and in spite of much affectation in expression, frequent misuse of words.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

ANOTHER MUDDLE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION PROCESS.

SOME of the generals commanding at the South being in doubt either as to the extent of their powers under the Reconstruction act or as to the mode in which they should exercise them, have solicited advice from Washington, and the President—we may be sure nothing loath—has called on Mr. Stanbery, the Attorney-General, to furnish an "opinion" on the subject. The opinion was laid before the public in the morning papers on Monday last. A few people, probably, will read it; but for the benefit of those who will not read it, its tenor and effect may be described sufficiently by saying that it denies to all military commanders at the South the right to do anything beyond "protecting persons in their rights of person and property, suppressing insurrection, disorder, and violence, and punishing or causing to be punished all disturbers of the public peace or criminals." Consequently, according to Mr. Stanbery, no commanding officer has any right to remove any judge or mayor or governor, or interfere with the process of any civil or criminal court, or with the operation of any laws actually on the statute-book, or with the obligation of any existing and lawful contract, or, in fact, to meddle in any way with the working of the State governments at the South any more than at the North, except in so far as may be plainly necessary to repress violence or insurrection or disorder. All these things, however, Generals Sickles, Pope, and Sheridan have done; and should the President act on Mr. Stanbery's opinion, Mayor Monroe, Judge Abell, and Governor Wells would be put back in their places; the military commanders would thus be humiliated, besides being shorn of nearly all their authority, in the eyes of the Southern population; every obnoxious act of theirs, however just or necessary, would be met by an appeal to the President, and the appeal would be supported by clouds of political intriguers, and by the time a decision was reached it would have lost all its value. In fact, during this most important period, when the new State organization is preparing and the negro population being called into political life, the States lately in revolt would, as long as acts of physical violence or outrage did not occur in such numbers as to furnish fair ground for military interference, remain as completely in the hands of the old government as if the Reconstruction act had never been passed.

Now, everybody knows that, whatever the act may say, this is not what Congress intended, and nobody was better satisfied of it than Mr. Johnson himself. In his message vetoing the bill he claimed for the military commanders all the powers under it which they have been lately exercising and which Mr. Stanbery now denies them—a circumstance which has set many people asking who wrote the message, or at all events who supplied the law for it. When it appeared, the popular impression was that the rough outline, at least, of the scene of horrors which Mr. Johnson predicted in it as likely to be witnessed under the operation of the new law was supplied by Mr. Stanbery, the same gentleman who now shows that it is one of the most harmless acts that Congress has ever passed. Then, it was neither more nor less than the establishment at the South of military despotism pure and simple, without a single mitigating feature. Now, it appears it is simply an authorization to military men to act as police in aid of the local authorities, and to try men for criminal offences in the absurdly improbable contingency that the local courts should refuse to exercise or make any show of exercising their authority. Certainly, if Mr. Stanbery's present construction of the law be correct, somebody cut a very ridiculous figure last spring when the act was vetoed; but whether it was Mr. Johnson or his advisers, of course we have no means of knowing.

The question now is, What is to be done or will be done? It is but just to Mr. Johnson to say that he did not call for the opinion for his own guidance, and, therefore, its appearance is no indication that he wishes to put any construction on the law different from the one he put on it last spring. But then there is some danger that, now that

it has appeared, he may act on it. He is under no obligation to do so. The opinion of the Attorney-General is no more binding on him or on anybody than the opinion of any other lawyer off the bench. It expresses Mr. Stanbery's own views, ably and clearly stated no doubt, and very likely quite correct; but it in no way alters the President's duties or responsibilities. He has already declared, as solemnly as a man can, that he considers the law unconstitutional. We have little doubt that Mr. Stanbery also thinks it unconstitutional—utterly, wildly unconstitutional. Upon that point not a shadow of doubt, we venture to say, has ever crossed the minds of either of them. They have both accepted it not as a measure which Congress had a right to pass, or which it was well for it to pass, but as an evil for which there was no earthly remedy. Mr. Johnson well understood that its faithful execution was not expected or required of him; that it was the intention of Congress that this should be left to generals selected by General Grant; and, in fact, it was well known when the session closed that the President's meddling in any matter not purely one of routine would be the signal for his impeachment. The two houses went home leaving this penalty hanging over his head *in terrorem*. Therefore he is under no moral obligation to interfere with the action of the generals in the South in any way, unless they should commit violations of substantial justice. He does not owe it to his own dignity to do so, nor yet to the interests of society. Nothing, everybody will confess, would be gained by the reversal of the action of Generals Pope and Sheridan except a triumph for one of the local factions, while the passions of the North would be once more roused by it, to subside heaven knows when.

Is he under any legal obligation to interfere, even supposing the Attorney-General's interpretation be the true one, and the President accepts it in its full extent? None whatever. Mr. Stanbery shows by a citation from the judgment of the Supreme Court in dismissing the Mississippi bill that the duty imposed on the President by the Reconstruction act and the supplemental act, as regards the supervision of the military commanders at the South, "is in no just sense ministerial. It is purely executive and political." Now, when the President fails or refuses to perform "an executive or political act" there is only one remedy. Congress can impeach him, but no other power on earth can call him to account. Therefore, if he should put Mr. Stanbery's opinion in his pigeon-hole, and let the military commanders alone, so long as their action really hastens the end which everybody has now in view—the speedy and satisfactory restoration of the Southern States to their old places in the Union—he would have nothing to fear from any quarter. Of the wisdom of silence and self-control there is apparently not much in his composition; but, if there be one particle, he has now such a chance of showing it as has never before offered itself.

We shall probably hear a great deal of the danger to constitutional liberty of allowing even an unconstitutional law to be disregarded by military officers; but the fact is that it is to the use of arguments of this kind by persons of influence and authority that we owe most of the violations of constitutional forms which have taken place during the last six years. What is dangerous and what is not dangerous as a precedent is something on which no two men will agree, and about which nobody's opinion is worth much. What is certain is that the majority of the Northern people is determined to have justice done at the South, and to prevent all secessionists of high degree, and all knaves and charlatans of whatever degree, from in any way guiding or controlling the process of reconstruction; that it does not particularly care whether this be done with or without the forms of law; and that the less this determination is checked or resisted, the sooner will that abnormal state of things which is now exciting alarm pass away and be forgotten. The real enemies of constitutional government are those who, with their "quiddits, their quilllets, and their cases," are trying to stay the execution of the national will.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's letter, in which he cries out for an extra session of Congress to mend what he admits to be the defects in the Reconstruction act, exposed by Mr. Stanbery. There is a lesson in what has happened which Mr. Stevens, old and experienced as he is, we think might very well learn, and that is the mischievousness of the habit, in which

he more than anybody else indulges, of checking and stifling debate on important measures. If the Reconstruction act had been fully discussed, nobody would have been the worse of it; more time would have been given for consideration, the objections of its enemies would have brought out its defects, and its friends would have had an opportunity of perfecting it before it passed from their hands. But in order that an enormous majority might enjoy the paltry pleasure of crushing a feeble and insignificant opposition, the bill was hurried through, and when passed it was found that it had provided no machinery for its own execution. A supplemental bill was then passed, and now both together, on being taken to pieces by an acute lawyer, are found to confer in terms no more authority on commanding officers in conquered territory than a commanding officer in Massachusetts might very safely and becomingly be permitted to exercise. The "previous question" has here carried its friends almost to the last ditch of absurdity and confusion.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AMONG THE PRECEDENTS.

THERE are few men in the country better qualified by nature to make valuable contributions to the political thought of the day than Wendell Phillips, but he has ever since he became a party politician chosen for some inscrutable reason merely to follow the march of the Republican party from a great height in the air, as a kind of vulture to scare the more mindless, cowardly, and laggard Radicals into a show of eagerness and activity. Those of them who do little or no thinking for themselves often get confused and begin to hesitate in their advance, but they no sooner hear his remorseless scream over their heads than they make the most frantic and pitiable efforts to get to the extreme front as the only place in which they are sure of safety from his claws and beak. He enjoys scaring them immensely, and it is amusing to watch him in clear weather making his swoops at them, and them trying to dodge him. But he has devoted himself so long to this kind of sport that he appears to have lost all fitness for anything else. He seems to feel now that his influence is mainly dependent on his keeping on the wing, and he very seldom ventures down to the solid ground of facts and arguments. Up in the sky, with his epigrams and his sarcasms and his epithets and his invectives in his talons, he is a superb and formidable object, but when he touches the earth he is, like all other big birds, so awkward on his feet, and finds it so difficult to rise again, that an active boy with a stick could knock him over.

Last week he came down with a heavy flop in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, of which paper he is what is called an "editorial contributor;" and where should he light but in a cluster of historical precedents, and here, as might be expected, he is an easy prey to the most unskillful fowler. After laying down the grand rule that the object of punishment should be prevention and not vengeance, he says:

"Confiscation of estates, especially landed estates, comes clearly within this rule. It has always been the most efficient and the least objectionable method of introducing any great social change. The Norman conquest of England was secured and made complete by a large measure of confiscation. The French Revolution achieved almost all that was really valuable in its results by breaking up and distributing the great landed estates. This killed aristocracy in France. In our own Revolution, Toryism was rooted up by confiscating the estates of the old Colonial Refugees. Land is the usual basis of government; the class that holds it must, in the long run, give tone and character to the Administration."

About the propriety of imitating in the United States in the nineteenth century the policy of the Norman filibusters in England in the tenth century there is little for a sensible man to say. But we must call Mr. Phillips's attention to Julius Caesar's manner of subduing Gaul, and the Peloponnesian ravages in Attica in the first three years of the war, as also not unworthy the attention of gentlemen engaged in the work of "introducing any great social change." Classical precedents, we can assure him, will make twice as much impression on Congress as mediæval ones; but in any case we protest against any citation of the Norman method of dealing with England, unless accompanied with an account of the English method of "introducing great social changes" into Ireland. That Mr. Phillips should not have mentioned the case of Ireland, which is the most brilliant and crucial example in history of the value of confiscation as a social or political agent, shows of

what intellectual dishonesty even the boldest advocates of the plan can be guilty.

What he says about the French Revolution is, however, a still better illustration of either the carelessness or unscrupulousness—and one is, in cases like the present, just as bad as the other—of the men who are trying to persuade an ignorant and newly-liberated race that there is nothing inexpedient or immoral in their using their votes to take away their neighbor's property, as long as they pretend that their "object" is "prevention and not vengeance," and trying to persuade the Northern people to use against a third of their own countrymen one of the worst weapons of the feudal armory, a weapon poisoned to the hilt, and which no government has ever wielded without making ten enemies for the one it destroyed, and without breeding hates which take ages to ripen and decay.

The French Revolution did *not* achieve any political or social result worth mention by the breaking up of the great landed estates. Only a few of the great estates were broken up, and the number of landholders in France was hardly at all increased by it. Nothing that was valuable in the Revolution was brought about by the confiscation of property except the overthrow of the church establishment, and the church property, large as it was, was politically a bagatelle. All this may be found fully set out, with facts and figures and dates, in the works of Turgot and Necker and Arthur Young, and, though last not least, in M. de Tocqueville's "*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*," books with which all "pedlars of confiscation" would do well just now to make themselves acquainted, and they are, no doubt, all in Mr. Phillips's library. If he will look into the best known of them—M. de Tocqueville's—which has been translated and widely circulated, he will find the following on this very subject:

"It has been commonly believed that the subdivision of farms began with and was caused by the Revolution. All kinds of evidence establish the very reverse. Twenty years before the outbreak, agricultural societies deplored the subdivision of farm lands. About the same period Turgot declared that the division of estates was so general that a property barely sufficient to maintain a family was often parcelled out among five or six children, who were consequently unable to support themselves by agriculture alone. A few years later, Necker observed that the number of small rural estates had become immense. . . . I have myself taken infinite pains to reconstruct the *Cadastrés*, so to speak, of the old régime, and I have occasionally succeeded. The law of 1790, imposing a land tax, devolved upon each parish the duty of preparing a schedule of the land within its limits. Most of these schedules have disappeared. I have, however, discovered them in some villages, and I find on comparing them with our modern rolls that the number of landed proprietors was formerly one-half, and sometimes two-thirds, of what it now is—a surprising fact, as the total population of France has since that time increased more than twenty-five per cent. Then as now a sort of mania for the acquisition of land pervaded the rural population. A judicious contemporary observer notes that land is selling above its value, owing to the rage of the peasantry to become landholders. All the savings of the lower classes, which in other countries are lodged in private hands or invested in public securities, are used for the purchase of land in France."

Arthur Young, speaking of the infinite subdivision of land amongst the peasantry, estimated that they had amongst them *one-half* the *landed property in the kingdom*. "I had no idea," he says, "of such a state of things."

"It is, then, a vulgar error," continues M. de Tocqueville, "to suppose that the subdivision of property in France dates from the Revolution. It began much further back. It is true that the Revolution was the means of bringing into the market the church property, and many of the estates of the nobility; but it will be found on an examination of the sales, a task which I have occasionally had patience to perform, that the bulk of these lands passed into the hands of persons who held land already—so that no great increase in the number of land-owners can have taken place. They were already, to use the ambitious but accurate expression of M. Necker, 'immensely numerous.'"

It thus appears that the most valuable results of the Revolution in France were achieved not by spoliation, but by the abolition of feudal privileges, by stripping the noblesse, already terribly impoverished and almost a landless class, of all exemptions and all rights which other people did not possess, by, in short, making all men equal before the law—and we cordially recommend the trial of this plan for a few years at the South. There is about as much prospect of great estates surviving with free society and free industry rising around them and beating against them in South Carolina as in New York. Some of the largest estates in this State were held at the Revolution not by Tories,

but by patriots, but where are the estates now, and where is the former political influence of the families which owned them? Nearly all the large landholders in America, in fact, were faithful to the cause of independence. The Tory landholders who were "rooted out" by confiscation would not have made a military company, and the division of their property amongst loyal men has had no effect whatever on the national fortunes either by way of prevention or cure.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

SUGGESTIONS for the benefit of the Constitutional Convention now sitting at Albany have been made by several gentlemen whose views are entitled to respect. We do not know of any, however, which cover the ground more fully than those made by Professor Lieber and Mr. David Dudley Field, each of whom has issued a pamphlet on the subject well worthy of public consideration.

We should have liked either of these pamphlets better if it had had some of the features of the other. Professor Lieber confines himself to suggestions upon particular points of the constitution, giving his reasons for every change which he recommends. Mr. Field has prepared a complete draft of a constitution, without stating his reasons for proposing changes, except in two or three instances. This plan, combined with notes explanatory of changes, would certainly be the best mode of setting before the convention and the public the reforms thought desirable.

Both gentlemen agree in recommending the abolition of the elective judiciary, the increase of executive power and responsibility, and the abolition of distinctions on account of color. They disagree entirely upon the question of state sovereignty, Professor Lieber desiring the total repudiation of that idea, and Mr. Field recommending its assertion in explicit terms, subject to the limitations imposed by the national sovereignty within its proper jurisdiction. They also evidently differ in their opinions as to the degree to which an increase in the numbers of the Legislature would discourage bribery, although the number mentioned by each is about the same. Professor Lieber has no faith in the virtue of large numbers, and urges that the lower House should not exceed 300 members. Mr. Field proposes a system which he calculates would lead to the return of about 300, and plainly regards the increase over the present number (128) as a point of importance.

The constitution framed by Mr. Field has some general features of decided merit, which well deserve the consideration of the convention, quite irrespective of the details of its filling up. The first thing which will strike the eye of any one familiar with the existing constitutions of the various States is the great superiority of this paper over them all in respect to its classification and arrangement. In the New York constitution of 1846 scarcely any one subject is fully disposed of in one place, and, of course, there is much useless repetition. Mr. Field has sought to bring every branch of a single subject under a single head, so that the reader, having found a section relating to the powers of the Legislature, for example, may be confident that his eye is resting upon every line which bears upon that point. In one or two instances, it seems to us as if he had failed to put a section in its proper place: thus, section 101, prescribing an oath of office, appears to belong to the neighborhood of section 18, defining the different branches of government; and sections 103 and 104 should follow immediately after section 17, as they all relate to elections. These, however, are exceptional instances of an error which, in all other constitutions, is the rule instead of the exception. The value of an orderly arrangement of subjects in a statute of any kind is commonly under-estimated. To our mind, it is a matter of great importance. A proper classification brings to light a multitude of anomalies and contradictions which, for want of it, have in many cases gone uncorrected for centuries. And if it is valuable in any statute, it must be peculiarly so in the fundamental law of a great commonwealth.

Some of the declarations contained in this plan of a constitution are new to this State, but very desirable for the purpose of establishing correct principles. Thus it is declared that "a constitution is the supreme law, for all times and circumstances, in war as in peace" (§ 10); that a change in the form of government works no change in

the laws or obligations of the State (§ 11); and that the writ of *habeas corpus* can be suspended only by the Legislature (§ 65).

Mr. Field recommends a plan for the representation of minorities, allowing 2,500 electors in any part of the State to choose a member of the lower House. This would accomplish part of the end desired; but would certainly fail to relieve voters from the incubus of "regular nominations." For it is obvious that it would require a very nice calculation to determine when a candidate had received 2,500 votes, while every vote beyond that number would be wasted upon him. At the first election many electors might vote independently; but the almost certain result would be that in several cases eight or ten thousand would vote for some prominent man, and thus lose three members to their party in each case. The party that was well drilled and so divided its vote that no candidate received less than 2,500, and none more than 3,000 votes, would infallibly secure a majority in the Legislature.

Thus, supposing the Republicans to poll 370,000 votes and the Democrats 360,000, and ten Republican candidates to receive through popular enthusiasm 10,000 votes each, while the rest of the Republicans and all the Democrats received an average of 2,700 votes each, the result would be as follows: 10 Republicans, at 10,000 votes each, 100,000; 100 Republicans, at 2,700 votes each, 270,000; 133 Democrats, at 2,700 votes each, 360,000. Thus, with a majority of 10,000 against them on the popular vote, the Democrats would have 23 majority in the Legislature. The consequence would be that at the next election the Republican electors would not dare to risk voting for any man not appointed to their respective districts, which would be parcelled out by the State committee in such manner as to ensure a vote of not less than 2,500, nor more than 3,000 in each.

We are heartily in favor of any system which will accomplish the end proposed by Mr. Field, viz., the representation of minorities all over the State, and the uprooting of the caucus system; but, after much reflection, we are convinced that either the plan of Mr. Hare must be followed, providing for the disposition of all surplus votes, so that none are wasted, or else a more localized system must be accepted. We perfectly understand the objections to Mr. Hare's system as too complicated for practical use, especially where elections are by ballot. We think that a scheme may be devised which will attain the object not quite so perfectly, but nearly enough, and yet not be so complex as Mr. Hare's plan. But we cannot enlarge upon this now.

The judicial system proposed by Mr. Field consists of a Supreme Court of seven judges, and of such inferior courts as the Legislature may establish, with abundant precautions to secure the independence of all judges. We quite agree with him in thinking that the details of the system should be left to the Legislature.

Many important suggestions are contained in brief paragraphs, such, for example, as a prohibition of legislative lobbying, a requirement that all laws affecting corporations shall be general, a prohibition of banks of issue under State laws, stringent provisions for keeping up the militia, etc., which we cannot now notice. We do not observe, however, any declaration that the grants of the State may be rescinded by it, which is indispensable to prevent evasion of the clause making grants of corporate franchises revocable, as recent experience has shown.

Professor Lieber opens with the subject of pardons, which he thinks should be granted by a board instead of by a single officer. Undoubtedly the governor has too much upon his hands to enable him to attend properly to this department of his duty, but we cannot help questioning the expediency of dividing this responsibility among a number of persons. We do not doubt that the governor would gladly turn over this duty to others, but it does not follow that the public interest would be best served in that way. Nor do we think that the general influence of pardons is bad. With the arguments of Professor Lieber in favor of a broad distinction between the pardon of a man who is found to be innocent and that of one who was guilty, but has repented, we heartily concur. But it seems to us a matter for ordinary legislation, and it would be enough for the convention to leave all these matters under the control of the Legislature.

To female suffrage Professor Lieber is strongly opposed, but his statement of the argument in its favor does not seem to us fair, nor his

own argument in opposition forcible. It is the universal custom of respectable men in this country to take their wives and sisters to public meetings. It is only the rough and brutalized classes who think it necessary to leave women at home on such occasions. We fancy Professor Lieber has never been to a Republican meeting in Cooper Institute or the Brooklyn Academy of Music, or he would not ask such a question. And in the rural districts it often happens that women outnumber men at political meetings.

On some other points we should be disposed to controvert the doctrines of both Professor Lieber and Mr. Field, but both have done such a good work in publishing their views, and thus furnishing valuable material for public discussion, that we forbear further criticism upon matters of detail. Few services can be rendered to the public of more value than the expression of ideas upon such important questions by men of intellect and experience.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

In his "Man with a Broken Ear" Edmond About makes some pretty good fun by showing us a soldier of the First Empire surrounded by the men and institutions of the Second, and by bringing the ideas of 1806 embodied in his person into collision with the ideas of 1860. To get the desired force of contrast the author was obliged to feign that his colonel had spent half a century in death. So he employed very amusingly the scientific theory of desiccation which has been put in practice in the case of literal worms, but of which we metaphorical worms have never yet had the benefit. For no doubt had the colonel been one of living men he would have been engaged with more or less success in assimilating himself to the new order of things as it evolved itself from the old. To be an out-and-out conservative one must get into the grave, and, to speak in a figure, for the dubious jewel consistency it is the undertaker only who makes the safe casket.

Colonel Fougas is an entertaining but we cannot call him an extremely reasonable creature. He shares with M. Victor Hugo and several others of his countrymen a desire to hasten the day when Europe shall be one nation, of which the capital shall be magnificent France; the telegraph, the railroad, the percussion cap seem to him admirably adapted for facilitating the war upon Albion and the march of the French armies upon Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna; the gas could then be used for the illumination of Paris; finally, he commits suicide—a stupid thing for a man to do who does not live in his own day. We cannot imagine that such would be the upshot of the experiment if we, for instance, could be mummified and brought to life again among our descendants in the fourth and fifth generations. The mere gratification of natural curiosity would make the new life at least as valuable as this one, and, we should suppose, much more interesting. Doubtless we should experience some disappointment; still, if one were not wedded to one's own convictions of what ought to be and would make proper allowances, reflecting that his new contemporaries were the posterity of his old ones, he might surely be happy enough in pursuing his investigations and find occupation for a lifetime. Questions innumerable suggest themselves to which it would then be possible to get an answer, as, for example, Will mathematics pass wholly out of the metaphysical stage and will metaphysics approach the region of demonstration? Will the tunnel supposed to exist under the Eoosac Mountain be brought to light? Will democracy repudiate the Salic law? How will an Amazonian army conduct a long war in Utah? Will the Mormon slaves then come inside our lines as intelligent and despised contrabands or will they help to build earthworks and insult the invading force? In those days will a day's work be seven hours? Will there be any intemperance in Maine? Will the school committees of Massachusetts concede to babes in arms all the rights of adult belligerents? Who will be the last Yankee? Will there be any pope in Rome? Will there be any white man's government in the South, or will Wendell Phillips Perry walk arm-in-arm down King Street with Governor Small? What will be the fuel in use in 1950? How long will it take you to go into the country, to Walrusia, say, in an Andrews æreon, and will the "æreon lungs" take the place of the "railway spine"? Will there be a science of medicine in that age or will the allopathic gallipot still blacken the homœopathic vial? What will then be the average duration of human life, and, by the way, may a desiccated man expect to live as long as a fresh one? Will they study the Latin language in the University of Michigan, or will they translate the language of animals into the universal tongue? Will they spell phonetically? Whose great-grandson will begin Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" at the formation of the Federal Constitution and finish it?

Man is above all things a knowing being; he would not live his life over again; but surely any of us, to answer these questions, or other ones, would consent to be revived and would faithfully promise our desiccator to live out all our permitted days.

Nay, for our own part, if we could imagine the desiccation theory carried out on the most gigantic scale, so that the world at various stages of its development had been laid aside dry, but capable of general resurrection, we could then imagine ourselves willing, in the interest of our improvement in science, to go backward, to retrograde into any of its bygone ages, and live out the remainder of our allotted life. It looks at first blush like an unpromising period for such an experiment; but no doubt a good deal of pleasure ought to be got out of even that æon when, according to Professor Huxley, our "probable progenitor was a vertebrate of amphibious habits, scaly, with two wings, several fins, and a tail of considerable length, and shaped like the tail of a large snake."

How delightful it would certainly be, after mastering Mr. Herbert Spencer's law of evolution, to retire just a few centuries into the dim past—whose dimness would disappear as one went on—and see for one's self how, in the historic times of our race, the incoherent, indefinite homogeneity changed gradually into that coherent, indefinite heterogeneity of which we also, each of us in his humble way, form a certain part. If one knew nothing of the science of this age, or of its theology and of its philosophy no more than is found in Mr. Spencer's law, it would be a fascinating existence merely to observe the sprouting of the unconscious seeds of the stately growths in commerce, in law, in politics, in every familiar field of human cultivation which we to-day have around us. And when one got tired of life, for after all one would be human, suicide would be not in the least necessary; one would only have to turn a first class prophet, and be put to death with instant speed.

Think of walking up (A.D. 1200), to a gentleman in metal, whose house, conveniently situated near a river, and where several roads meet, should be of stone, with a ditch round it, and telling him that for all he was a baron so bold he was the germ of a Wall Street broker, a railroad director, and a divorce lawyer. The prophet, no doubt, would have his neck tied to his ankles, and be immediately given to the carp in the moat; or both his eyes would be put out, and he would be escorted to a cell on the same floor with the toothless Jew supposed to possess personal property; or any lord baron would break his pate with a buffet of his fist. Yet we suppose that one phase of this baron's character has come to its fuller development in the gentlemen in Nassau Street who advertise in the New York *Herald* their readiness to succor distressed dames and poor captive knights. And as for his way of accumulating wealth, they that make "a corner" in "Erie" or "Harlem" represent that side of the old robber's character with great exactness. A recollection by the wretched prophet of one or two of Mr. Parton's admirable biographies of business men would assist him to see that the baron's method of growing rich—namely, making himself master of several lines of travel, treating the wayfarer as if he were a Californian passenger, religiously abstaining from ensnaring the property of the caltiff Jew, making it his rule always to carry his point, delighting in horses and the rest—are in all essential particulars carried out by the commercial lords who in our time have no fondness for the things of prophecy.

And one might stand a good chance of getting one's head knocked against the wayside cross if he were to inform the young peripatetic minstrel, with the long yellow hair, that in centuries to come from the effervescent brain of his lineal successor should proceed the foam of the "eloquent lecture," and the stale tittle of small poems. Who knows, perhaps even the despised H brew might make shift to jump the length of his chain and smite the prophet who should inform him that one of his characteristics, the natural odor which formed so valid a reason for murdering him, should be carried to an extreme of perfection satisfactory to the New York *World* by a black barbarian Ethiop.

We dare say the brethren of the monastery in that vicinage would have been harsh in their behavior to their teacher; they might have burnt him or bricked him into a wall when told that the law of evolution would assuredly give their transcribing and illuminating of manuscripts to the Bradstreet or Riverside or University press, their doling of charity to the overseers of the poor, their bell-ringing to lay sextons, their meads and gardens and vineyards to secular uses, their cure of souls to heretics and schismatics on small salaries—payable in paper, with few flagons of wine for their stomach's sake or their often infirmities—their instruction of the country people, by bawling great moral ideas into their ears, to the able editors.

The king would surely hang him for such a prediction as that, in 1867, Mr. Johnson would make a sufficient shepherd for a larger flock with thicker

fleeces than any boasted by our forefathers or their contemporaries anywhere. The hind would fells him with his mattock for a prophecy that his sons should seek to live without monk or baron or sovereign lord, and that as representatives of him there should stand men of the highest as well as of the lowest power.

This field is limitless. We make a free gift of these hints to whatever philosophic student likes to pursue the subject. If he pursues it far enough he will be, among other things, the wisest of historians and not the most foolish of men. Any worshipper of the past will be more foolish, and to be the wisest of historians is something.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 30, 1867.

SINCE my last letter two great events have taken place. The Derby has been run, and the conditions of the franchise have been finally settled. The first mentioned always takes precedence of all other business in England, and I therefore give it the first place here. You will, indeed, care little, I should imagine, to hear the name and breeding of the winner; to be told how he broke a blood-vessel, and was supposed to be "knocked out" in the betting; how he "came" again, but was still at 50 to 1 on starting; and how his winning took the sporting world by surprise, and shook the reputation of innumerable prophets. Are not such things written at full length in *Bell's Life*, and *The Field*, and innumerable sporting gazettes and journals and chronicles, to which I must refer those specially interested? The race, however, has called the attention even of those who, like myself, scarcely know a horse from a donkey to the present position of the turf in England. The winner being a complete outsider, some enormous bets were lost and won. His owner is generally said to have won close upon £200,000, and other gentlemen are mentioned as winning over £100,000. The losses, it appears, were more equally distributed; but it is reported—I know not with what truth—that the Marquis of Hastings has lost over £150,000. What is, perhaps, even more significant, the jockey of the winning horse received from the owner £8,000 or £9,000 as a present for doing his duty. It is easy to see what all this implies. If it is worth while to give a jockey for winning a single race a sum which most barristers or physicians or clergymen would be glad to save after years of hard labor, and that for merely doing what will bring him, at any rate, great advancement in his own business, it is evident that it would be worth other people's while to pay him something for losing. The decision of the race depends entirely upon the honesty of the jockey; upon the decision of the race depend sums equal to the fortunes of a rich man, and, moreover, very often the credit of a noble family; and the jockey is tempted by sums large enough to raise him at a bound from a menial to an independent position. It is only necessary to add, in order to estimate the average strength of his principles, that a jockey is a man employed about horses. The result of this may easily be foreseen. If our noblemen and gentry do not actually do dishonorable things on the turf, their success depends upon persons who are quite ready and strongly tempted to be dishonorable. They are, whether voluntarily or not, partners with rogues; and one cannot but remember a certain proverb about touching pitch. Moreover, between actual cheating and very sharp practice there are innumerable and very delicate shades. Actually to sell a race is, of course, as bad as to pick a pocket; but, then, there are all kinds of ways of deceiving the public more or less without actually selling. There are innumerable devices for bringing a horse forwards in the betting or throwing him back, and for indirectly enabling his owner to attain the desired result of "getting his money on;" that is, making a satisfactory set of bets. The practice has been reduced to a system, with an appropriate phraseology which would swell our established dictionaries, and has generated a code of ethics equally appropriate and equally unintelligible to the outside world. To decide what is fair and what is not fair in horse-racing is a task to which only experts in the science are equal. To others, it sometimes seems that the difference between right and wrong on the turf is much like the difference in commerce between picking pockets, swindling, and "financiering;" one is cheating with gloves and the other without.

Of course we still talk the appropriate slang about the love of sport which is so characteristic of Englishmen, and the improvement of our noble breed of horses. But, as a matter of fact, the turf is as much an organized system of gambling as the *rouge et noir* of German watering-places. There are, doubtless, many men who take an honest interest in the horses and care more about the sport than the money. But many of those who attend most regularly know no more about horses than the gambler does about the balls whose course determines his winning or losing. One of the greatest winners

of late years was said never even to look at a race or a horse. There are, in short, two parties. The regular book-makers simply lay the odds against the horses, because the odds, on an average, are always too small; the public back their own favorites, because every man fancies that he is sharp enough to pick out the winner, and, as the book-makers support themselves at the expense of the public, it is evident that the public is not so sharp as it thinks. I need only add that all the most consummate cheats and blackguards in the country have a natural gravitation towards the turf, as being a rather gentlemanlike, or at least aristocratic, way of winning money by their wits without capital or character. And it will easily be understood that the disreputable element is tending to swamp the honorable men who still take an interest in horse-racing. Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and many other men of high character have kept race-horses; but few men take to it systematically without losing both in reputation and money. There has been a certain outburst of indignation on the present scandal, but, of course, there is not much hope of purifying the profession; the only hope being that the honest men may retire and leave the rogues to prey upon each other. I am sorry to see that the Prince of Wales has, in the elegant language of the sporting papers, "dropped a lot of money on the Oaks," as it will not tend to improve his position; however, a little propensity to sport will not hurt his popularity.

I now turn to the Reform bill, which seems to have pretty certain prospects of success. The redistribution of seats remains to be settled, but the franchise has got through the committee. The ultimate result is that every householder who pays his rates will have a vote, and that every lodger whose lodgings are valued at ten pounds a year will also have a vote. Between the two there will be a very considerable increase of our constituencies, and possibly a perceptible stride to democracy. It is a far larger measure than Mr. Gladstone ventured to propose last year, when the Tory gentlemen accused him of going straight to the "Americanization," which in their mouths is equivalent to "diabolization" (excuse the word and the compliment), of the country. However, they will allow Mr. Disraeli to steal the horse when Mr. Gladstone may not look over the hedge, and the deed has been done without even a protest, except from Mr. Lowe. In the character of a faithful Abdiel, he made one of his forcible speeches the other night, and appealed vigorously to the country gentlemen not to throw away their position and privileges for nothing. They had, he told them, been led gradually up to the obnoxious measure as a man leads a skittish horse up to an obstacle and allows him to smell at it until he has gradually become accustomed to what once frightened him out of his wits. Mr. Disraeli fenced round the appalling object with all kinds of provisions intended for safeguards against democracy; as his party gradually became familiar with the name of household suffrage, he dropped them one by one, until they were ready to swallow the naked proposition which, if at first revealed, would have shocked them beyond bearing. His skill has been beyond praise and beyond expectation. He has substantially acted the same part as Sir Robert Peel when, as the leader of the Tory party, he granted Roman Catholics emancipation and free trade, which he had so long bitterly opposed when demanded by the Liberals. But Mr. Disraeli has done it more skilfully, for all the time that he was really making a concession, he affected to be carrying out his own principles; he has abandoned the position, boasting all the time of his consistency, and has somehow persuaded all his party, with a few exceptions, to go bodily over to the enemy's camp by declaring that the enemy were really coming to them. It is marvellously clever of Mr. Disraeli, and marvellously stupid of his followers; but I doubt whether it will be referred to hereafter as a very noble specimen of political morality. However, the radicals are quite content to receive Mr. Disraeli's concessions, and to allow him to call them obvious corollaries from his own principles. The Whig ex-ministers, whose game has been taken out of their hands, are not quite so gratified at the change.

I hope that this may be almost the last time that I shall have to refer to a question which has been treated on both sides with a singular want of earnestness, but which has come to an unexpectedly favorable result. There are still a few rocks ahead, but there is every prospect that they will be successfully circumvented.

During the last debates two subjects have been discussed which may be mentioned, because they are likely to obtain more notice hereafter. Mr. Mill brought them both before the House, and was the only man who could have obtained a respectful hearing for them; for although country gentlemen still sneer at him as a "philosopher," a term which they apparently conceive to be one of reproach and to indicate a total unfitness for anything in this world, his great reputation is sufficient to force them to listen respectfully, to say nothing of the interest of his speeches. He moved, in the first place, the enfranchisement of all women who are disqualified by their sex

alone. The debate which followed was very poor, consisting chiefly of the rather coarse and very stupid jokes by which any such proposal is certain to be assailed; but the motion was only rejected by 180 or 190 to 73. The minority was far more numerous than any one had expected, including several Conservatives, and I think that it indicates that the advocates of women's rights will, before long, make themselves heard in the reformed Parliament. Again, last night Mr. Mill moved the consideration of Mr. Hare's scheme of representation. Of course, there was not the smallest chance of its adoption, but it was received with a decent amount of attention, especially by Lord Cranbourne, a man of ability, though of bigoted Conservative principles. Of this, too, we shall doubtless hear more, though I confess that I by no means share the enthusiasm with which Mr. Mill and some of his devoted followers regard it.

There was a good deal of excitement here for a few days as to the fate of the Fenian leaders. The Government—pushed on, doubtless, by the bitter spirit of the dominant landlord party in Ireland—made up its mind to hang one or two of them, and announced its intention positively. There was a general cry of indignation from the newspapers—even the *Tory Standard* admitting the impolicy after a grudging fashion—and a deputation of seventy members from the House of Commons at last succeeded in extorting a more humane course from the Government. I am glad that we are to be spared the disgrace of a political execution, but we have been unpleasantly near it.

Fine Arts.

THE POST-OFFICE COMPETITION.

THE Commissioners appointed by Congress to procure a design for a new post-office and court-house to be erected in the City Hall park have received the competitive designs for which they advertised a few months since, have duly exhibited them to such persons as they chose to invite, and are by this time, we presume, endeavoring to come to a decision with regard to their respective merits.

The history of this undertaking is interesting not only to those who are directly concerned in it, but all who have at heart the welfare of this great city. In *THE NATION* of April 4, some remarks were made about the terms and conditions offered to competing architects, and comparison was drawn with the proceedings of the British Government in similar undertakings. But the work of the commission did not commence with the issuing of the official invitation. As early as January 28 of the present year, the commissioners—who had doubtless heard how the architects had turned their backs upon the commissioners for building a new State Capitol at Albany and the officers entrusted with the erection of buildings for the War Department at Washington—thought they would begin operations by asking the architects what they had better do in order to get the best building. They accordingly inserted a preliminary advertisement in the papers to that effect. The course adopted by them seemed to be a very sensible one, and was regarded by all who took an interest in the matter as a token that this commission, at least, would avoid the blunders which had characterized the performances of the Albany commissioners and have since resulted in an utter failure to get a suitable design for the State Capitol. How many answers they received, we do not know; but, one at least, was made through the newspapers, the same medium through which the commissioners had asked for advice. It was a reply framed at a respectable meeting of architects in this city, and was signed by nearly every architect of position practising in New York.

It would naturally be supposed that an answer from such a source would be just what the commissioners wanted, supposing them to be in earnest. But it is very clear that they did not want any advice at all, for the advertisement for plans which soon appeared showed that they had not accepted a single important suggestion contained in the architects' letter. This was as surprising as that they should have asked for advice in the first place, and it became evident that the commissioners, who had at first been alarmed lest they should fail to get the co-operation of good architects, now seemed disposed to set them at defiance. Outside parties, on good terms with the commissioners, talked about "self-conceited architects dictating" what should be done, etc., and it was very clear that the commissioners relied upon the tempting bait offered in the fourteen prizes to allure enough seceders to their party to make the company respectable. It was too much to expect that a commission constituted as this one is would adopt any radical reforms in their mode of procedure. They were evidently so much

alarmed at their own temerity in taking one step forward that they immediately took two backward.

The official advertisement was duly published, offering a great number of prizes and giving particular injunctions that "the drawings must be to a uniform scale, without color," that "all unnecessary and inappropriate ornamentation must be avoided," and that "the first story might be estimated for iron or marble, or both," etc. The commissioners returned to their private business, and confidently waited for the coming in of the drawings, while all the leading architects were supposed to be working night and day, neglecting their regular business in the desperate race for the great "job" or the prizes.

We now come to the result: Fifty-two designs have been sent in, the authors of which stand in awful suspense, while the architects who stood aloof are being roundly abused for letting slip such a splendid chance to gain immortality.

Knowing all the circumstances, the result is not surprising. There are at least ten designs which it is safe to say are not by architects at all, but by ambitious school-boys, mechanics, and engineers; while as many more are doubtless by architects' draughtsmen, who make pretty drawings but have not the knowledge or experience requisite to execute a design in brick, stone, and iron. About ten of them are by architects of average ability, and the ground-plans and arrangement of these are such as will fulfill the requirements of the committee. But when we come to the matter of artistic treatment, we find three only that are worthy of mention.

The designs are all numbered, and it is supposed that none of the authors are known; but three days have been sufficient to show the absurdity of attempting to have an anonymous competition. During the last day the names of authors were almost as freely used in discussing the merits of the designs as the numbers that had been affixed to them.

It is a hopeless task to attempt to influence the decision of the committee, and, in fact, we take little interest in it, believing that no one of the architects represented by these drawings will eventually be employed to carry out his design. Rumor already points out Nos. 16, 17, and 18—it matters not which of the three, for they are all from one office—as the favorite designs. If engineering and wire-pulling are of any avail, one of these will be the elect. The influence of the press has been privately solicited for these designs, and we will, for our part, freely give them all the notoriety that they ask for. But an opinion on their merits would not be a flattering one; so we withhold it.

If the committee have the capacity to understand plans, or will condescend to ask some one who is conversant with drawings to explain them, they will doubtless select one of good arrangement; but it is hopeless to expect them to make any intelligent decision as to the artistic merits of any that have been offered to them.

It would be waste of time to enter into a discussion of the designs. There are many beautiful drawings, as such, and much talent has been wasted in working up worthless designs. The facts of this whole business, generally stated, are these: Some people think that architects are a set of beggars who will take up any offer that is thrown to them. The Post-office Commissioners, being blessed with the same idea, have thrown out their bait, and doubtless feel flattered that they have caught many splendid designs. They have a number of very pretty pictures, few of which are of any value. But they could have got as many by offering half the money. Business is now very dull, and there are always plenty of designers who are in need of money, and have plenty of time to spare which they are ready to expend with the hope of any remuneration, however small. But we apprehend that what the commissioners want is a building, and to build it it is necessary to have an architect with capacity to design and ability to construct. That they have designs from few of such architects is evident from the fact that so many have held aloof from the competition. We could name at least twenty of the most prominent members of the profession in this city who have taken no notice of the commissioners' offer, and that they have not been induced to send in plans is the fault of the commissioners alone. It is not mean or selfish, as some people think, for them to refuse their contributions. Architects are business men as well as artists; and men of business, as we believe the commissioners are, must realize that to get their goods it is necessary to pay the value of them. If they want first-class architects to enter their competition for a first-class building, they must offer terms which will be acceptable. We doubt not but that capable men stand ready to offer designs as soon as they are satisfied that the proper compensation will be given and full justice will be done in rendering the decision. One thing essential for the commissioners to do is to get full power from the next Congress to employ an architect and commence work, which now they cannot do. Congress should then appoint competent jurors to serve

with the commissioners until the design is determined—men with technical knowledge of the art of building and the nature of architectural drawing. It would then be worth while for architects to spend some time in preparing competition drawings, and a building might be built which would at least be creditable to the commissioners and the city. The blind course which they are now following will only end in the erection of another monstrosity worse, perhaps, than our new Court house. The only hope now seems to be in the check which the authorities at Washington may put upon them. But judging by the blunders committed in trying to get designs for the War Department building, there seems to be little to hope for from that quarter.

W.

Correspondence.

A WORD ON THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

THE NATION remarked the other day that "New York is not, in the old sense of the word, a municipality," but "simply the great market place of the State." This remark, which is equally true of most of our large cities, brings clearly before us the characteristic which distinguishes our modern municipalities from those of history; at the same time it contains a sufficient explanation of the failure of our system of city government, and a sufficient justification for having the city governed by the State, if this is the only way to obtain an honest and efficient administration. Probably, however, it would be conceded that if a good local government could be had it would be better still, and that anything which should develop for the city a truly municipal character would be likely to aid in this.

Our private corporations and other associations are as much distinguished for integrity and efficiency as our public administration for corruption and mismanagement. De Tocqueville long ago called attention to the powerful workings of the principle of association among our people, and this national characteristic has strengthened rather than diminished since his day. Our people combine themselves in every conceivable way, for every conceivable purpose, and these purposes are accomplished promptly and economically. What, then, is the reason that when we combine for the highest of all public ends, not as voluntary associations, but backed up by the power of the whole community, we fail so completely? Is it not because the immediate personal interest is wanting which gives to the town governments of New England as it gave to the democracies of ancient and mediæval history their peculiar efficiency?

Unless it is in some way possible to revive the *spirit* of municipality, and excite in this great conglomeration that we call a city some degree of that feeling of community which must make the life of any self-governing body, there is probably no escape for misgovernment except by calling in the aid of the State. So far, our city governments have failed to call out that sense of community which springs up of itself in small towns and in the wider concerns of State and nation. It is true the most constant and immediate interests of daily life are in question, but the responsibility is so distant—it is so much a matter of petty and undignified detail—and the individual is so lost out of sight in the huge mass, that the feeling of personality does not have room to grow up.

It would seem, therefore, that the best means of obtaining the desired end would be by some organism which should be able to appeal to the personal interests and affections of the individual in its parts, since the whole fails to attract these. This is indeed precisely what the present system aims at in the subdivision of the city into wards. But wards do not accomplish the object, for the reason that they are purely arbitrary divisions, like congressional districts, and like these shifting—shifting, that is, not by a change of boundaries, but by incessant changes of residence. The relation of the individual to the ward is even less vital and immediate than to the city.

We fall back, therefore, on voluntary, self-organized associations, such as already exist and carry on a large part of the life of the community. Out of these combinations of the several trades, professions, and industries of the city it might be possible to create such an organism as should call out the personal interest of all citizens, and bring it to bear upon matters touching the welfare of the whole. That worthless class of the community which does not live by industry, and has no claim to be considered in any scheme of city government, would find itself shut out by the very terms of the organization; while, as the bodies under consideration are governed

entirely without reference to partisan or theological considerations, the whole matter would be removed from party politics.

If it is thought advisable to have two chambers in the city government, I would suggest that the upper body—very small—should be elected according to the plan of personal representation; the larger body to be composed of representatives of the various industries, the Chamber of Commerce, the bar, the trades unions, etc.; the mayor to be chosen by this legislature.

Another point, not immediately connected with this that precedes, but of great importance in itself, is the power of the voters in a city over the public expenditure. The details of national affairs must be managed by representative bodies; but many of the details of local administration may legitimately be submitted to the vote of the people after full discussion. This is the life of the New England town system. It might be engrafted upon the system of city government by providing that certain questions—all, for instance, involving a certain amount of expenditure—should be voted upon, yes or no, by the people of the city, provision being made for a full discussion of them beforehand under the auspices of the city magistrates.

MARCEL.

COLLEGE DEGREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What do you mean by "the democratic principle of giving the same degree on graduation to the highest and lowest scholars?" etc. Surely this is not the rule at our colleges, *e.g.*, at Yale the valedictorian certainly does not take "the same degree" as the student who has no "appointment" at all. If Harvard has abolished college honors, I suspect it is the only leading college that has done so. Our college honors are not sufficiently valued or sufficiently prominent, but I suspect this is quite as much the fault of the public and the students themselves as the "faculties." Nor is this the natural meaning of your paragraph, which, as it stands, would convey to a foreigner, for instance, quite a wrong impression.

Yours very truly,

B.

[Our correspondent evidently mistakes the common though technical use of the word "degree" in the article in question. It is customary in most if not all of our American colleges to allow a certain number of the best scholars—generally one-third or one-half of each class—to declaim in public on Commencement Day certain essays, varying in length and in name with the class-rank of the student. It is also customary at Harvard to print upon the commencement programme a schedule showing the percentage of the maximum number of marks assigned for the course which has been obtained by each student in the first half of the graduating class. The system which we expressed a hope to see inaugurated is that of giving at the final examination several *different* diplomas, according to the relative merit of the students as shown by the final examinations. This seems to be a natural, not to say a necessary, consequence of an elective system of study, such as that proposed at Cambridge.—ED. NATION.]

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The oration commended by THE NATION of June 13 to W. Gilmore Simms, "who has preserved so much verse for us that helps us to understand the Southern country," must be "laid at the door" of a genuine Yankee. Its author, who is the son of a most worthy Congregational clergyman of New Hampshire, graduated twice or thrice at different New England colleges *before* his class; raised funds at one time by personating a priest and confessing the workmen on the line of the Western Railway, and has shown his genius in various ways.

After the publication of his oration he proved himself a true Southerner by challenging a Western editor to mortal combat for speaking disrespectfully of his effort. The challenge was accepted; the combatants were to meet on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Tenney should read his oration at the editor; who, if he survived, would reply with an editorial. I do not know that either party has been heard from since, and it may well be feared that it proved fatal to both.

But Southern orators have enough to bear without being burdened with that oration.

C. C. C. P.

NEW MARLBORO', Mass., June 14, 1867.

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Ezra Baldwin,	Wm. B. Kendall,
Nathan T. Beers,	James H. Elmore,
Joshua Atkins, Jr.,	Ben. F. Wardwell,
Augustus Studwell,	A. B. England,
Gilbert Sayres,	Daniel H. Gregory,
William A. Budd,	Rufus R. Graves,
William M. Vail,	

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FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - \$1,000,000

SURPLUS, JULY 1, 1866, - - - 300,000

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

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WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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(Invested in Bonds and Mortgages and United States Stocks),

\$20,406,665 48.

Issues every approved description of Life and Endowment Policies on selected lives at moderate rates, returning all surplus annually to the policy-holders, to be used either in payment of premiums or to purchase additional Insurance, at the option of the assured.

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ELLIPTIC
LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Manufactured by WHEELER & WILSON. Sold only by the Agents of the Elliptic Sewing Machine Company.

The latest and incomparably the best Family Sewing Machine in the world. All the highest Premiums in 1866. Combining the greatest simplicity with the highest perfection of mechanism and largest range of work.

Agents wanted.

Elliptic Sewing Machine Company,
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CARPETS! CARPETS!!

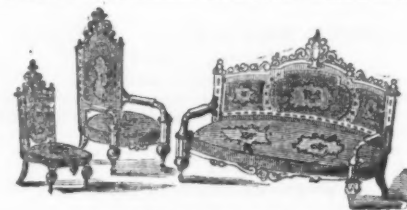
H. O'FARRELL

Is now offering the largest assortment of ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, and INGRAIN CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CANTON MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, MATS, etc., in the City.

His Stock of PARLOR, BEDROOM, and KITCHEN FURNITURE, of extra and medium grades, is fully up to the standard of excellence his manufacture is noted for, and for quantity and quality stands unrivalled.

Warehouses—257, 269, 271 West Thirty-fifth Street, and 486, 488 Eighth Avenue.

P.S.—All the railroad and cross-town cars pass before his doors.



FURNITURE.

PRICE REDUCED 20 PER CENT. AT
DECRAAF & TAYLOR'S,
57 & 59 Bowery, 65 Christie Street, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, all under one roof.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE. Mahogany, Walnut, and Tulip Wood; Parlor Furniture, French Oil Finish; Sideboards and Extension Tables; Spring and Hair Mattresses; Cottage and Chamber Sets; Cane and Wood Seat Chairs.

We keep the largest variety of any house in the Union, and defy competition.

All Goods guaranteed as represented.

FLORENCE
Reversible Feed Lock-Stitch
Sewing Machines.

BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

FLORENCE S. M. CO.,

505 Broadway, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

FIRST PREMIUM

ELASTIC STITCH AND LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

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THE
SINGER MFG. CO.,

Proprietors and Manufacturers of the World-renowned SINGER SEWING MACHINES. The superior merits of the "SINGER" Machines over all others, for either Family use or Manufacturing purposes, are so well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellences is no longer considered necessary. THE LETTER "A" FAMILY MACHINE, hitherto manufactured by this Company, has gained and maintained the world over, and for years past, an unparalleled reputation and sale. But, notwithstanding the excellence of this Machine, we have now to announce that it has been superseded by our NEW FAMILY MACHINE, which has been over two years in preparation, and which has been brought to perfection regardless of TIME, LABOR, or EXPENSE; and which is now confidently presented to the public as incomparably the BEST SEWING MACHINE IN EXISTENCE. The machine in question is simple, compact, durable, and beautiful. It is quiet, light-running, and capable of performing a range and variety of work never before attempted upon a single Machine, using either Silk, Twist, Linen, or Cotton Threads, and sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for Hemming, Braiding, Cording, Tucking, Quilting, Felling, Trimming, Binding, etc., are novel and practical, and have been invented and adjusted especially for this Machine.

New DESIGNS of UNIQUE, USEFUL, and POPULAR FOLDING TOPS and CABINET CASES, peculiar to the Machines manufactured by this Company, have been prepared for enclosing the New Machine. These are gotten up in every variety of wood, such as Black Walnut, Mahogany, Rosewood, and the like, and from the plainest to the most elaborate pattern and finish; the Machines themselves being more or less highly ornamented to correspond with the Tables or Cabinets for which they are intended.

But a faint idea, however, can at best be conveyed through the medium of a (necessarily) limited advertisement of this *Paragon of Family Machines*, and we therefore urge every person in quest of a Sewing Machine by all means to examine and test, if they possibly can do so, all the leading rival Machines before making a purchase. A selection can then be made understandingly.

Branches, or agencies, for supplying the "Singer" Machines will be found in nearly every city and town throughout the civilized world, where Machines will be cheerfully exhibited, and any information promptly furnished; or communications may be addressed, for circulars or otherwise, to

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
458 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Circulars, describing and illustrating the *Manufacturing Machines* made by this Company, as also the truly wonderful and only practical *Button-hole Machine* ever yet devised, will be sent, post free, on application.

MARVIN & CO'S
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER
FIRE AND BURGLAR



MARVIN & CO.

Principal Warehouses: 265 Broadway, New York.
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DECKER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Ivory Agraffe Bar Piano-Fortes,
Have removed to 2 Union Square, corner Fourth Avenue
and Fourteenth Street.

Having largely increased our facilities for manufacturing, we now hope to be able to meet the growing demand for our pianos.

*. Mark well the name and locality.

FREEMAN & BURR.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

OF ALL KINDS, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

BUSINESS SUITS, \$15 to \$40.
DRESS SUITS, \$25 to \$50.
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS, \$5 to \$25.
SPRING OVERCOATS, \$8 to \$20

ALSO, LARGE STOCK OF FINE

CLOTHS, COATINGS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,

FOR CUSTOM WORK AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

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CORNER OPPOSITE SUN BUILDING.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets, - - - - - \$2,188,429 20

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J. W. & H. JUDD, General Agents for New York.

Active and efficient Agents wanted in all the Cities and large Towns in the healthy portions of the United States and British Provinces. To such, a liberal commission will be paid.

LIST OF LOSSES PAID ON MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1866.

AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Line,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heimann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philauder M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Bams,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Issachai H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
27	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
62	Lewis Wm. H. Giese,	Baltimore, Md.,	Merchant,	4,000
30	Eliakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	5,000

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE MARK—

Joseph
Gillott,
Warranted.

or Descriptive Name and Designating Number.
New Series, Good and Cheap, from No. 700 to No. 761.

TRADE MARK— Joseph Gillott, Birmingham. With Designating Numbers.

For sale by

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,

91 John Street, New York.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

DECKER BROTHERS'

PATENT PLATE PIANO-FORTES

The public and the patrons of the well-known Decker Pianos are cautioned against buying any piano purporting to be a Decker Brothers' Piano which does not have in raised letters, on the Iron Plate at the left side, the words,

DECKER BROTHERS' PATENT, JUNE, 1862.

The Decker Brothers Piano is sold at

91 BLEECKER STREET ONLY,

and at no other place in this Street or in New York City.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

Are now constructing a Railroad from
OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
westward towards the Pacific Ocean, making with its
connections an unbroken line

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Company now offer a limited amount of their

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

having thirty years to run, and bearing interest, payable
in the City of New York, at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

AT

NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

This road is completed from Omaha 345 miles west, and
is fully equipped, and trains are regularly running over
it. An additional portion of 172 miles is under contract
to be done September 1 of this year, and it is expected
that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha
to its western connection with the Central Pacific within
the year 1870.

MEANS OF THE COMPANY.

U. S. Six Per Cent. Thirty year Bonds, averaging about \$28,250 per mile, estimating the distance at 1,565 miles.....	\$44,208,000
The Company's own First Mortgage Bonds, MADE BY ACT OF CONGRESS A FIRST LIEN ON THE ENTIRE LINE—same amount.....	44,208,000
Donation of 20,032,000 acres Government land, the full value of which could not now be realized—estimated at.....	30,000,000
Total resources, exclusive of capital.....	\$118,416,000
The authorized Capital Stock of the Company is one hundred million dollars, of which five millions have already been paid in. The cost of the road is estimated by competent engineers to be about one hundred million dollars, exclusive of equipment.	

PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.

The railroad connection between Omaha and the East is now complete, and the earnings of the Union Pacific on the sections already finished for the month of May were \$261,782. These sectional earnings, as the road progresses, will much more than pay the interest on the Company's bonds, and the through business over the only line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific must be immense.

VALUE AND SECURITY OF THE BONDS.

The Bonds now offered are less than ten million dollars on 517 miles of road, on which over twenty million dollars have already been expended.

At the present rate of premium on gold those bonds pay an annual interest on the present cost of

NINE PER CENT.,

and it is believed that on the completion of the road, like the Government Bonds, they will go above par. The Company intend to sell but a limited amount at the present low rate, and retain the right to advance the price at their option.

Subscriptions will be received in New York by the

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, 7 Nassau St.,
CLARK, DODGE & Co., Bankers, 51 Wall St.,
JOHN J. CISCO & Son, Bankers, 33 Wall St.,

and by BANKS AND BANKERS generally throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained. They will also be sent by mail from the Company's Office, 20 Nassau Street, New York, on application. Subscribers will select their own Agents in whom they have confidence, who alone will be responsible to them for the safe delivery of the bonds.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
New York.

Nothing Succeeds like Success.



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Of this Company, Mr. Erastus Brooks, one of its Stockholders and Directors, writes in *The Express*, of which he is one of the editors:

"The American Popular Life Insurance Company held its first annual meeting a few days since. The business of the first six months has been very successful, and has been conducted upon the safest and most economical business principles, alike for the stockholders and parties insured. There are some plans in the organization of this Company popular in their character, which make it well worth general investigation, and which the officers specially invite."

Extra Lives are rated down, and save money in this Company.

We desire to call attention to the following

FEATURES:

Policies non-forfeitable after first payment.

Policies incontestable after death.

Paid-up Policies always obtainable.

Lowest rates for the best lives.

A provision for old age is made by annual cash Dividends after the "expectation" age is reached.

Payments can be made Annually, Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly, or Semi-annually.

No extra charge for travelling, except in Tropics and near Gulf of Mexico.

The Company has a Mutual Department.

The Company issues a new kind of Policy for Young Girls.

The Company will ensure any one.

CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR NEW CIRCULAR.

It is the simplest treatise on Life Insurance ever offered to the Public.

AMERICAN (Waltham) WATCHES.

"The American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., established in 1850, has grown into proportions which entitle it to a rank among the manufacturing enterprises of America. The quality of these instruments has been thoroughly tested by minute comparisons, and the result is decidedly in favor of the home-made over the imported.

"The first duty of a watch is to keep good time. Its other uses are decorative and subsidiary. The simpler its mechanism, the more trustworthy its action, and the system upon which watches are constructed by the American Company is the very perfection of simplicity.

"An important question is that of the relative costliness of European and American Watches. It appears that the advantage of cheapness is also with us. The difference in price is not excessive, but is sufficient to be an object to any purchaser. The virtue of superior durability, however, is one which ought to be well considered in this regard. American instruments will outlast all others. It is estimated that we pay Europe \$5,000,000 a year for watches, and a like sum for keeping them in order. At our own doors watches are manufactured at a less price, of better quality, less likely to become disordered, and so arranged that in case of injury by violence the injury may cheaply and expeditiously be repaired."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EVERY WATCH FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by all first-class dealers in the United States and British Provinces.

For further information address the agents,

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

182 Broadway, New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

T. C. SELLEW,

MANUFACTURER OF

DESKS

AND OFFICE FURNITURE,

107 FULTON ST., near Nassau St., N. Y.

LIBRARY AND SCHOOL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES

HAVE TAKEN

Thirty-five FIRST PREMIUMS at the principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and also were awarded a FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the world.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is proved by the FACT that Messrs. STEINWAY'S Scales, Improvements, and peculiarities of construction have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (as closely as could be done without infringement on patent rights), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent Pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use whenever accessible.

Every Piano is constructed with their Patent Agraffe Arrangement, applied directly to the Full Iron Frame.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their newly-invented UPRIGHT PIANOS, with their Patent Resonator and Double Iron Frame, patented June 5, 1866.

This invention consists in providing the instrument (in addition to the iron frame in FRONT of the sound-board) with an iron brace frame in the REAR of it, both frames being cast in ONE PIECE, thereby imparting a solidity of construction and capacity of standing in tune never before attained in that class of instrument.

The sound-board is supported between the two frames by an apparatus regulating its tension, so that the greatest possible degree of sound-producing capacity is obtained and regulated to the nicest desirable point.

The great volume and exquisite quality of tone, as well as elasticity and promptness of action, of these new Upright Pianos, have elicited the unqualified admiration of the musical profession and all who have heard them.

STEINWAY & SONS confidently offer these beautiful instruments to the public, and invite every lover of music to call and examine them.

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FIRST FLOOR OF STEINWAY HALL,

71 AND 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

Between Fourth Avenue and Irving Place, New York.

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